he Death Rattle of the League SATURDAY

KEVILEV

Reduced to

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Volume 162 3rd October, 1936

The following letter from Lady Houston, D.B.E., has appeared in the "Morning Post."

Who's Who at Geneva?

Lady Houston's Incisive Comment

To the Editor of the "Morning Post."

SIR,—If the decision come to by the League of Nations, refusing Italy's right—the right of conquest—to represent Abyssinia in the League of Nations is upheld.

Then—by what right does Litvinoff represent Russia in the League?

ITALY'S CLAIM to represent Abyssinia is a time-honoured claim—but Mussolini's mistake seems to have been that he did not murder Haile Selassie and his family—as then he would have had the same right to represent Abyssinia as Litvinoff now has to represent Russia.

But—if Haile Selassie is the right and proper person to represent Abyssinia—then—the Grand Duke Cyril, heir to the throne of Russia, is the right and proper person to represent Russia in the League of Nations.

This seems the only logical way to look at and judge this extraordinary decision.

LUCY HOUSTON.

The Grand Duke Cyril now the direct Heir to the Throne of Russia.

FIFTEEN years ago—when Sir Robert was alive—the Countess Torby, who was the wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, was staying with us on the yacht, and, going ashore at Monte Carlo one day, we met the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia—a very handsome man. He married the Great Grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and is nearly related to our Royal Family—and if by murder foul the Monarchy of Russia had not been destroyed he would have been heir-presumptive to the throne of Russia. And we all hope someday he may return to his rightful heritage.

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OGPU TERROR IN LONDON-THE

FROM the walled Kremlin in Moscow with its Oriental minarets and its queer-shaped copper cupolas and domes, to the respectable Edwardian frontage of No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, London, is a matter of about 2,000 miles.

The one is the Whitehall of Soviet Russia, the other is its Embassy in Britain, the residence of its Ambassador "accredited to the Court of St. James."

Between the two there is a line which transcends frontiers and distance. They are linked together by ancient sauctions of international law and diplomatic

But with Moscow and its Embassies there is a differ-There is another line of which few people know. It reaches out from a grim, grey building in Moscow, No. 26, Lubyanka Street, to all the capitals of the earth. That building shelters the headquarters of the Ogpu, the most formidable secret police machine which the wit of man has ever devised.

One tentacle reaches out from Lubyanka Street to the urbane amenities of Kensington; it branches to Moorgate in the City of London, where the Soviet trading offices are situated, where No. 9 'buses run and armies of blackcoat workers go about their ordinary everyday round, and to other London streets, where Moscow and such fantasies as secret police and prison inquisitions seem more than 2,000 miles away.

One Outcome

But recent events in London have shown that these

fantasies are not so far away as they seem.

Four weeks ago General Vitovna Putna was Military Attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Kensington. He lived here with his devoted Russian wife and fourteen-year-old son. He was settling down in what is one of the "plum" diplomatic posts of all countries. He was popular and well known in British social and official circles.

To-day he lies in a cell of the Inner Prison of the Lubyanka in Moscow facing a trial from which there is

seldom more than one outcome—death.

When the news of General Putna's arrest in Moscow broke upon the world, it was said that one of the sixteen Soviet "old guard" officials executed recently for a so-called terrorist plot against Stalin had denounced the General as a member of their group on the very morning

that they stood awaiting the firing party.

But General Putna had been ordered to come to Moscow from London to "attend a military conference" more than a week before those executions took place. That

invitation is typical of Ogpu methods.

More than a week went by after the General's departure without a word from him. The Embassy knew nothing. Then, after repeated anxious enquiries from his wife, Moscow wired asking her to come at once as her husband was "very ill." Again the touch of the Ogpu in that

Also—a queer request—they told her to pack and bring everything, the General's belongings as well as her own. left London strangely burdened for a woman hurrying to a sick husband; she had seven trunks and large suit cases.

At Berlin the train on its way to Warsaw and the frontier was met by "officials" of the Soviet Embassy there. They told her to have all the trunks unloaded on to the platform. She had to proceed on the 1,000 mile further journey with a small handbag, which was supplied to her and contained just the bare toilet necessities for herself and her son.

After this visit from the "officials" and their action during the few minutes' wait on Berlin platform, Madame

Putna can have had few further illusions as to the real nature of her husband's "illness."

With the General in Lubyanka Prison is Sokolnikoff, ex-Ambassador to Britain. They have "got the goods" on him, too. Ozersky, head of the trading delegation and signatory to the £10,000,000 trade agreement, was suddenly recalled to Moscow. He is back again now, signatory to the £10,000,000 trade agreement, was suddenly recalled to Moscow. He is back again now, after an enormous Press outery about his departure. But for how long? It is stated that he has to return to Moscow to "give evidence" in a forthcoming trial. Perhaps that signature of his on the trade agreement.

with Britain was the most valuable stroke of the pen that he has ever made.

There is no need, as some newspapers have stated, for special agents of the Ogpu to come here to carry out any "purges." They are already, have always been here, fully empowered and capable of carrying out any work required of them.

work required of them.

The organisation of the Ogpu in London, as in all other capitals, is based on the "parallel system" which is an integral part of the Bolshevist doctrine of government.

Behind the activities of every department of the State or trade, overseeing the work of every member, but unknown to him, there must be another "eye." It is integral espiciages on a mass scale internal espionage on a mass scale.

The Ogpu works in London through its "resident agent." Two people only know who that man is: they are the Ambassador himself and the head of the trade delegation. Almost invariably that resident agent is, officially, a minor servant of the Soviet organisation in this country—usually a clerk in the accountancy department of one of the trading offices.

Close Watch

Under this "resident agent" are five assistants, equally unknown to the mass of Soviet employees in this country. They also are employed officially in minor

Their work is split into five main divisions, of which three may be mentioned here. They are, first, routine espionage on Soviet employees in this country—their work and their private lives. In addition, each member of the staffs must come under " special observation " from time to time. A watch is kept on the kind of friends

he makes, and on his utterances and opinions.

The second division "controls" political émigrés in this country.

All fugitives from the Soviet régime are known to this division. Their anti-Soviet activities are noted, and particular watch is kept for contacts they may make with employees. This division also handles any "disciplinary" measures

which may be adopted against employees who show signs of backeliding or leaving the employ of the Soviet. There of backsliding or leaving the employ of the Soviet. have been many such cases.

The third division looks after the financing of this underground work. It is also responsible for all "special payments" which may have to be made for anything outside the formal activities of the Soviet in this country.

In this connection may be mentioned the statements of M. Bessodovsky, Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in Paris in 1930, who escaped over the garden wall of the Legation from armed guards of the Ogpu waiting to take him back to Moscow, and who brought gendarmes back with him to rescue his wife and children.

Bessodovsky once declared that the five agents of the Ogpu in Berlin cost £10,000 a year in "special payments," and that total outgoings of the Ogpu world organisation came to nearly £5,000,000 a year.

(Continued on page iii of Cover)

Reprinted from Sunday Dispatch, September 27th.

Reds Attack Savings of the British Workers TRIED TO SEND & DOWN

RED RUSSIA TO-DAY ATTACKED THE CURRENCY—AND CONSE-QUENTLY THE SAVINGS—OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

AN ATTEMPT BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT TO CREATE A PANIC RUN AGAINST THE BRITISH & WAS MADE IN NEW YORK.

IT WAS DEFEATED BY THE NEWLY CREATED "TRIPLE FINAN-CIAL ALLIANCE."

Mr. Henry Morgenthau jun., Secretary to the United States Treasury, revealed the attack.

Calling a special Press conference, he explained that he had used the United States' own £400,000,000 fund to frustrate the move by the Russian State Bank.

THE RUSSIANS, HE SAID, GAVE ORDERS TO SELL AT "ANY PRICE" A MILLION POUNDS OF STERLING.

The pound dropped from 5.02 dollars to 4.91.

Mr. Morgenthau said: "When I learned of this, I bought their sterling. This move by the Russian State Bank is the only instance to-day of any Government, any bank, or any individual trying artificially to influence the foreign exchange markets in the United States.

"I sincerely hope the incident won't be repeated."

Asked why Russia tried to sell such a small amount, Mr. Morgenthau replied: "You have to ask the Russians that."

He spoke with great anger; his face reddened as he explained the Soviet action.

The promptness with which the Treasury entered the market is interpreted as a sign that some such move was foreseen on the part of Russia.

If it had proved successful Wall Street is convinced that more sterling would be offered later.

"WE ARE READY"

Later Mr. Morgenthau announced that he would "go to the limit" to maintain the stability of the British, French and American currencies.

Asked what that limit was, Mr. Morgenthau replied:

"Two billion (thousand million) dollars—the amount of the stabilisation fund.

"If any more efforts are made to depress the f or other currencies we are ready."

Bravo, Mr. Morgenthau.—Ed. S.R.

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED IN 1855

Written Only for Men and Women Who

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Antics of Mr. Eden

There is an old saying which comes from the East. A fool who knows he is a fool—there is some hope for—but the fool who imagines himself a clever man—should be shunned.

With all the pomp and ceremony at the command of England's Foreign Secretary, and sending invitations to the representatives of over fifty nations to come and hear the vitally important message he had to give them—Mr. Anthony Eden journeyed to Geneva and there before this audience of foreigners who had come to listen to his magic words, he told them:—

"Most nations are to-day increasing their armaments. His Majesty's Government are among this number. We are engaged in fulfilling a full programme for our three Services—Army, Navy and Air.

"The policy of His Majesty's Government is to put their faith in the League of Nations. Unless we can achieve this result the League must be only of secondary value."

HOW OFTEN HAVE THEY HEARD THESE WORDS BEFORE.

Read what is on the cover and, after that, what follows here.

Suicide at Geneva

As nothing fails like failure, extraneous chance conspired with innate obstinacy to make things worse. The former Emperor of a former State, now non-existent, descended upon Geneva from the air. Thereupon we were given a new exhibition of Geneva technique in all its naked poverty. Realism of every sort was thrown to the winds! A Credentials Committee solemnly

debated whether a non-existent State could be a member of the League of Nations. The quondam Ethiopian Empire is the mere echo of a name. History will have to record that so quaint and phantom a discussion did take place, for three whole days. More, it will have to record the outcome. "Abyssinia" was judged duly competent to be represented in the Assembly. True, the League had refused to "recognise" Italian East Africa. Canute refused to recognise the waves. The waves were not affected.

A New Agency of War

Turn to the grave side of the folly. It symbolises the general unreality, and worse, of Geneva's recent practice. Is it forgotten that the original hypothesis of the League of Nations was the prevention of war? That, and nothing else? Yet last week it lent itself to the very opposite hypothesis. M. Litvinoff's plea for "Abyssinia's" presence at Geneva derived almost openly from



Russia's support of the Spanish Reds and her antagonism to all the anti-Reds, whether Spanish Nationalists, Italian Fascists, or German Nazis. The interesting thing is not whether the Reds are right and the Nationalists wrong in Spain or else-

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br da where. The truly appalling thing is that a defective League of Nations can be—demonstrably has been — perverted into an instrument of belligerent intrigue and partisanship.

It is not as if there were only one example. The dispossessed person of the ex-Emperor Negus Tafari himself is a sorry symbol. But for the League of Nations Italy last year would have annexed a strip of Abyssinia in the north-west and a strip in the south. In December she would even have accepted the Hoare-Laval proposal and taken over that territory on terms short of annexation. Two-thirds of Abyssinia would have been safeguarded to the Emperor, who would now be a reigning monarch in Addis Ababa, instead of a will o' the wisp at Geneva. It was the League of Nations that prevented a sensible settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. It left Signor Mussolini no alternative than against his own original will and purpose to conquer by force the entirety of the Ethiopian Empire.

Can There be a New League?

The irony is artistic in its fulness. If there had been no League, Abyssinia would now be in existence, enjoying the economic and cultural benefits that Italian influence could and would have conferred on her. The perversion of the League's functions first destroyed Abyssinia and then enacted the macabre comedy of seating its corpse in its Assembly.

The inescapable truth is that unless a League of Nations be a true League, it not only must fail in its purpose of doing good. It cannot fail to do harm. By a wicked stroke of irony, the new Palace of the League, now used for the first time, becomes in effect a monument of frustration. It enshrines a shadowy Nemesis—the general harm done by sanctions. And most to the League itself, though some other evils are almost irreparable. It is the direct result of sanctions that Geneva's only real topic of present discussion is whether and how the principles of the 1919 Covenant can be made operative in some unpredictable future.

That discussion cannot yet be even started. The main reason why the old Covenant has proved inapplicable except for mischief was that it never had a true sanction at all. There cannot be a sanction unless its weight be overwhelming and irresistible. Such weight would only be achieved if the seven Great Powers of the world contributed to it.

GEORGE GLASGOW in The Observer.

Filthy Poland

Crash!

The car gave a sickening jolt which nearly broke the back axle. We pulled up to see what damage had been done.

Two village idiots, with sores on their faces,

nudged each other and giggled. A man with a starving horse slouched by, paused, and slouched on again. Otherwise, nobody in this filthy and desolate street paid any attention.

You see, we were in Poland.

Going Back Two Hundred Years

When you cross the frontier from Germany into Poland you go back 200 years. In comfort, in education, in morality.

These frontier stations are illuminating lessons in international conditions.

The offices on the German side are spotlessly clean. On the Polish side they are so dirty that one has to stand in the open doorway to breathe.

On the German side your business is accomplished in a couple of minutes by a man with charming manners. On the Polish side you may have to wait an hour, and you are sworn at.

On the German side you look out on to welltilled fields, with broad, smooth roads running through them.

On the Polish side there is desolation and neglect, and the roads . . . they don't exist. For hundreds of miles it is impossible to travel at more than 15 miles an hour.

A word about these roads. Roads are a very good index of a country's prosperity and self-respect. The new German roads are so wonderful that they make the best by-pass in Britain look like a medieval village street.

"But," cries the anti-German, "all those roads are built with a purely military purpose, for the conduct of troops!"

That is a lie. Because the only bad roads in Germany which I encountered were those which led to the Dutch and Belgian frontiers.

The Germans have not yet begun to think of building new roads in this direction. They have built them, instead, through the great industrial areas and as a link between the chief beauty spots.

So when you hear anybody, in Parliament or out, repeating that lie, you can contradict it.

The Polish Corridor As I Saw It

To return to Poland, I went there because I wanted to see, for myself, the famous Polish Corridor.

To most people it is merely a name. They do not realise that it is a vast wedge of land that was thrust into the heart of Germany by the iniquitous treaty of Versailles.

They do not realise that the "corridor" is degenerating year by year, going back agriculturally, industrially, morally. That a great river, like the Vistula, is being allowed by the Poles to silt up till it may be useless one day. That the squalor of the East is infecting great territories, which, under Germany, used to be clean and prosperous.

Germany's Neighbours

I wish that I had more time to tell you about Germany's neighbours, but we shall have to leave it till some other date.

I should have liked, for instance, to speak of Czechoslovakia, which was my next point of call, because this country contains five million Germans who are fully determined at the earliest possible opportunity to be included in the boundaries of the Reich.

And if I were in the mood for prophesying, I would bet that they will be so included before you or I are much older, and without a war.

I should like, too, to have told you something about the Olympic Games, which were reported in Britain with an utter lack of understanding and imagination.

One episode, indeed, I must mention. It concerns the opening ceremony.

When the Nations Marched In

Imagine a vast stadium containing 120,000 people. A grey windy sky. Excitement at fever pitch.

The bands blare. Far below the nations march into the Stadium. Each more superb than the last ... troops of athletes, in brilliant colours, swinging in strict rhythm.

And then . . . Britain. I turn to my companion. We stare at each other. It isn't possible.

For we make an appalling exhibition. We appear to be clad in ill-fitting blue blazers. We are'nt marching in step. We aren't saluting. We are oddly dressed . . . slouching . . . apparently bored by the whole thing.

Our Mountebank Athletes

The results of the Olympic Games, of course, were scandalous for Britain. By a supreme effort we tied with Holland. But the exhibition we made, before all Europe, as we marched past was even more scandalous.

As for our Colonies . . . with the exception of Canada . . . the less said the better.

My companion was a New Zealander who has made a brilliant name for himself in English letters, by the name Hector Bolitho. When the New Zealand contingent came on, he covered his eyes with his hands. "I can't look," he said.

All I can say is that the British Empire, on that historic day, gave itself the worst advertisement that could possibly have been achieved, even if all our advertising agents had got together and said: "What can we do to give an exhibition of national degeneracy?"

Yes...it was a painful experience. Made all the more painful by the knowledge that this cavalcade of sloppiness and bad manners was being conducted before a nation who looks up to us as the greatest imperialists of the modern world.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS in the Sunday Chronicle.

They Pass the Buck

Geneva sets up a committee to decide if the Abyssinians can be represented at Geneva's Assembly or not.

The committee can't agree, so a sub-committee is appointed to fix things temporarily. The last we heard the sub-committee was trying hard not to disagree.

Did anybody in the world ever see a more pitiable, miserable exhibition of the game of dodging responsibility called "passing the buck"?

Eden: He Betrayed

When Haile Selassie and Mussolini were at death grips an attempt was made by M. Laval and Sir Samuel Hoare, then Foreign Secretary, to compose a peace. It would have saved half of Haile Selassie's empire.

Up rose the League of Nations Union and denounced it. Hoare fell from office, Eden took his place. Eden encouraged the Abyssinians to prolong resistance. What a disgraceful thing that Eden should now abandon Haile Selassie.

Eden makes the wretched excuse, "Ah! but this monarch has lost half his kingdom!" True. And King Albert of the Belgians lost all his kingdom. But Britain's Foreign Minister in those days did not say that that was reason for betraying him.

Postscript to Eden

The Daily Express does not side with unfortunate Haile Selassie. This newspaper advised accommodation on the basis of the Hoare-Laval

The Daily Express denounces the effrontery of Eden, who sees in ruins his own policy and the kingdom that he promised to protect—and still remains Foreign Minister.

Daily Express.

The Wandering Voice

Mr. W. G. Harding, F.R.S. (Edin.), writes from Peckwater House, Charing, Kent, to the Editor of the *Evening News*:

The B.B.C. invites applications for the appointment of Director of Talks.

The obvious choice, and one that will recommend itself to all good listeners, is surely Mr. Anthony Eden of England and Geneva!

If the value of the talk is to be measured by its volume we agree with our correspondent. Mr. Eden has established a unique record as International Conversationalist Number 1.

If results are important we should advise the B.B.C. to look elsewhere.

Evening News.

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The Antics of Anthony

By C.H.

WHEN the Assembly met at the beginning of last week the League of Nations was merely a discredited nuisance. By the end of the week it had become an object of universal derision.

At the beginning of the week the stage was all set for giving Abyssinia the works. France and Britain had agreed that the inconvenient Haile must get his, and their respective Ambassadors had assured Signor Mussolini that the dirty work was as good as done. Even Haile Selassie himself, suddenly appearing out of the great inane, expected to do no more than cast reproachful glances at the false friends who, having first betrayed him, were now preparing to give him the coup de grace.

There was some difficulty in getting together a Credentials Committee—even the most hardened assassin is unwilling to be photographed in the act of slitting his victim's weazand—but with France and Britain ready to act it was assumed that a quorum would be found ready and willing to expunge the Ethiopian Empire from the League's embarrassed midst.

LITVINOFF SAYS "No!"

Then everything suddenly went wrong. M. Litvinoff, it appeared, wasn't having any. That meant that nobody would have any. By what subterranean processes the hand of Moscow has secured a firm grip upon the Geneva strings the world has still to learn. It is understandable that a pother of insignificant States should have followed Litvinoff's lead, but how came it that Britain's Foreign Secretary, who by rights should have been wiping his dagger on the seat of his well-cut pantaleros, suddenly turned round and invited the Assembly, which of course needed no urging, to maintain the delegates of sovereign but otherwise non-existent Abyssinia in situ?

Enough that it happened, Abyssinia slid gracefully into its seat under the very knives of Messieurs les Assassins, Italy was told to run away and occupy Gore, where Haile mendaciously professes to maintain a government, and a shout of Homeric laughter shook the waiting world.

The Assembly's programme, as everybody had been given to understand, was to give Abyssinia the air—a pre-requisite to Italian co-operation—after which it was to resume innocuous desuetude while the nations got together and decided whether they could devise some real works to take the place of the sawdust with which the League is now exclusively stuffed. Instead, the Assembly voted to retain the spectral Abyssinia at its feast of collective reason and spat, metaphorically speaking,

in Italy's eye. "THAT," SAID THE WORLD, "IS ABOUT ALL FROM GENEVA. ALL PROSPECTS OF A REFORMED LEAGUE ARE NOW DEFINITELY SCUPPERED."

This was the highly attractive moment selected by Mr. Anthony Eden to inform the world in tones vibrant with emotion that "so far as His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom is concerned their policy will continue to be based on the League."

"Unless," Mr. Eden proceeded to explain, "an international order can be found which shall finally supersede the arbitrament of conflict between States, the League must only be of secondary value."

Was it really necessary to send Mr. Eden all the way to Geneva to say that? His railway ticket—or was it an air ticket?—must have cost quite a lot. His hotel bill must be considerable. The net value of the utterances quoted, the first of which is untrue and the second self-evident, is about twopence in coppers.

Britain's policy is **NOT** based on the League of Nations, whatever Mr. Eden may say or think. Months ago the British people forced the reluctant National Government into a policy of rearming by the simple expedient of kicking it in the trousers. The Government, afraid, as ever, of being British, put out the feeble pretence that we were rearming so as to be able to strike a thirsty blow for the League of Nations.

WHY PERMIT IT?

"Nonsense!" said the British public. "We are rearming in our own defence." Nobody, however, cared what collective hocus-pocus the Government gave off so long as it went ahead and ordered the armaments. But why allow Mr. Eden to go mincing off to Geneva and talk hypocritical nonsense to the League? Does not all the world know, even if Mr. Eden does not, that if he tried to send a superannuated sloop or a corporal's guard into action at the behest of the League of Nations Anthony would be out on his ear, and the Government with him, before the ink was dry on the order?

The policy of Great Britain is Britain and the Empire first and the League of Nations nowhere, and the people of this country would much rather Mr. Eden made no hypocritical bones about it. However, if the Government choose to snivel and lie about it, that is their affair. Only if they start taking orders from the League—which curiously enough seems to be synonymous with taking

orders from M. Litvinoff—will Bumbler Baldwin's trained troup of performing collectivists suddenly hit the outer darkness with a musical crash.

As to that stuff about the League having only a secondary value if some instrument cannot be found to replace the arbitrament of war, it is all on page six of the Child's First International Reader, and was there when Master Anthony Eden was in short pants. Must we really pay out good money for Mr. Eden to trot over to Geneva

to say it again? What we want, and would gladly pay for, is a British Foreign Secretary who will go to Geneva and say: "The League has brought the world to the brink of war. So far from having a secondary value, or any value, it is a menace and a disaster and, however useful a tool it may be in the capable hands of M. Litvinoff, Britain means to be rid of it, and of the stuffed shirt politicians who have been boosting it with such mysterious fervour."

A Spot of Give and Take

By Hamadryad

THE choicest strokes of international amity are not always the best advertised. Within the last few weeks the London and Moscow Zoos have effected a large-scale exchange of wild beasts, and, though that may not have been the exact object in view, it is clear that the transaction must result in a better understanding between the two peoples.

It is unlikely that the young Londoner will ever see a Russian Commissar or a member of the Ogpu or even a Komsomol, in the flesh. At least we hope not, though there is no knowing when one of them may not insinuate itself into our midst in the comparatively respectable guise of an international pickpocket.

FOXES PREDOMINATE

On the other hand, young England's international outlook is bound to be broadened by the sight of a pair of authentic Astrakhan polecats or a Siberian wolverine. It is perhaps merely a coincidence that the first batch of Soviet animals to reach Regent's Park includes an unusually large number of foxes. These, it is hoped, will be pressed on the notice of our young Zoo-goers, any of whom may be a future Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary, by the educational authorities, so that they may know what to look out for when they grow up and go to Geneva. Even more fruitful may be their contemplation of the Siberian tiger-a gigantic and bloodthirsty carnivore which has not yet arrived but is said to be on its way. Once our little ones have seen the beast they will understand a lot more European history, natural and otherwise, than they do now, and when Uncle Attlee assures them that it eats peanuts out of his hand they will know what to call him.

You may wonder what Moscow is getting out of this exchange. It seems that the Zoo had no British wild animals sufficiently wild to give the Moscow Zoo-goers a thrill, so Dr. Vevers had to hand over a lot of boa-constrictors and chimpanzees and other exotic creatures that only count as British because the Government has been too busy to hand their native haunts to somebody else.

Moscow was naturally not too well satisfied with this arrangement and pressed Dr. Vevers to let them have a really fine specimen of the British Conservative Jackass of which they had heard so much. Dr. Vevers, so the report goes, replied that if the matter lay with him he would send them any number, but unfortunately the creatures were not easily laid by the heels. So the Moscow people decided not to insist, the more so as M. Litvinoff was understood to have informed M. Stalin that he had managed to get hold of a particularly well-developed specimen—a handsome young male with unusually long ears and a deep, resonant bray—in the course of his recent hunting trip at Geneva.

The general feeling here is that Moscow would have done better to secure more specimens of our representative British fauna. How could young Russia get a better idea of what England is like than, for example, by a visit to the British bumblepig, a creature as remarkable for its tenacity of life as for its habit, when alarmed, of slipping unnoticed into the tall grass. Or consider the Highland Red Ram, a beast that would readily appeal to the young Communist on account of its natural colouring.

FAIR EXCHANGE

It is a fact that the only specimen in captivity is now covered with long hair of a dirty primrose colour but it is possible that in the rarified air of Moscow it would revert to its original hue. Anyway, we should be glad to let them have the creature.

There are others, of course, but one cannot help thinking that one each of the three creatures mentioned would be a fair exchange for one Siberian tiger. If it comes to that, is anybody interested in the Siberian tiger? The one Moscow sent to Spain has turned out to be a pretty mangy beast and even in its native haunt it seems afraid to stand up to the Japanese bear-cat.

But the Russian fox (Sub-canis Slavo-Semiticus Litvinoffii)—why, that's an animal that we should always be on the look out for.

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EDEN CRACKS IN GENEVA

By KIM

ADY HOUSTON, writing in the Morning Post, puts a poser which Mr. Anthony Eden would not like to answer. If, she says, the League of Nations refuse Italy's right to represent Abyssinia although they have conquered that country and are in effectual occupation, by what right does Litvinoff represent Russia?

The question is logical because you will observe, although the Abyssinia of Haile Selassie no longer exists, the League of Nations last week, by a majority which included Great Britain, duly decided that Abyssinia was entitled to be regarded as an effective member of that extraordinary assembly. Yet, as everybody knows, Abyssinia is governed to-day by Italy, which is pacifying that country and bringing it to civilisation. Also the funny little Negus, with all his vanities and posing as a monarch, is an exile who fled with all the boodle on which he could lay his hands, and is a dusky fugitive without a country.

Unanswerable Argument

If he is acceptable to Geneva as a member of the League of Nations then equally Litvinoff ought to be expelled. That is Lady Houston's argument, and on grounds of logic it is unanswerable.

Litvinoff is the delegate of the Russian Soviet which usurped the Empire of the Romanoffs by the simple device of massacring all the Royal Family on whom they could lay their sanguinary hands. But the legitimate Emperor of all the Russias is the Grand Duke Cyril, so recognised by all the surviving Russian patriots. If, therefore, in the view of the minor Powers, plus Mr. Eden and M. Blum, right transcends might, they should request Litvinoff to pack his trunks and clear out of the League's domains, inviting in his place the Grand Duke Cyril to become a member or send his representative to Geneva.

The only difference is that whilst the Bolshevist gang murdered the late Tsar and his unhappy family, Signor Mussolini allowed Haile Selassie to get away in a British warship and ignored him completely, although the Negus by no means had clean hands and was himself a usurper.

Thus, when the remarkable verdict of the League last week to continue to recognise the Abyssinian State in the face of facts is weighed up it shows the absurdity of their position.

Litvinoff, of course, manipulated this business and carried the little nations along with him, which only proves once more that in the League the tail wags the dog. The Small Powers have an infinite capacity for mischief and at Geneva are given democratic rights out of all proportion to their capacity. When it comes to a vote, Panama is equal to Great Britain, which is much the same as though, say, by some peculiar electoral stunt, the

Socialist Council of Glasgow could equal in power the combined resources of Great Britain and her Empire.

By this absurd declaration the League has given itself its own death-blow. Whether Mussolini resigns from the League or ignores it, no one any longer regards it as a serious contribution to the cause of peace or as anything other than an assemblage of mischievous politicians. Instead of aiming honestly at world peace its métier appears to be to create strife, partisanship and spite, to air jealousies and to stoke the fires of smouldering animosities. Obviously neither Great Britain nor France can afford any longer to commit their peoples to such a ghastly failure, and to trail along behind the small nations led by Litvinoff.

Litvinoff's motives are definite enough. He does not give a fig for the little nations and their jealousies or fears. He wants to set Europe by the ears and extend the class war which his Muscovite employers have hoped to spread by kindling the fires in Spain. The Bolshevists can only prosper by wars, revolution and massacre.

Litvinoff's manoeuvre is a fitting sequel to the folly of the British Government who fathered the introduction of Russia to the League, which same Government have recently lent them ten million pounds of taxpayers' money.

Dangerous Conduct

But what of Mr. Anthony Eden? Is there any limit to his dangerous conduct of foreign affairs. He went to Geneva with the definite intention of clearing Abyssinia out of the way so as to stage the come-back of Italy into the League. He was going to kill the fatted calf for the supposed prodigal son. When it came to the point he cracked. He did not attempt to combat Litvinoff's mischievous incendiarism. He turned tail and supported it. Did the presence of Haile Selassie in Geneva, whence he flew in prodigious haste, over-awe him? Is the prestige of England so low that it cannot hold the small Powers in check? Or was Litvinoff the cause, the wily Bolshevist with whom he walks hands in hand and whispers down the corridors, two cronies apparently with a single mind?

Whatever the reason, no Conservative can continue to have faith in this bent reed. True, after the loud-voiced denunciation of Italy when he advocated Sanctions up to the hilt, it was an inglorious rôle to return to Geneva and stab his old friend Haile Selassie in the back, but then if he had had any sense of decency he would not have gone to Geneva. He would have resigned when all his policy proved an utter failure, but probably his megalomania leads him to believe that he is leading Europe and the world.

Litvinoff—The Shadow Over Europe



Mr. Anthony Eden leaving the League of Nations
Palace last week.

NCE more the sinister, leering shadow of Litvinoff can be seen lurking behind Geneva. Once more our infatuated and ignominious Foreign Minister sits at his master's feet and blindly carries out the dictation of one who, although his hands are stained with the blood of thousands of innocent men and women, yet holds a supreme position on the Council of the League of Nations.

Once more we have jeopardised the friendship which Italy has been magnanimous enough to offer us after the incredible way in which we have insulted her during the war with Abyssinia. Once more Haile Selassie has thrust himself into the foreground, and, trading on his "dignity" and his misfortunes, has brought about a situation

=By=

MERIEL BUCHANAN

which may thrust Europe into the flux of International complications and bring about a World War

What a farce and humbug Geneva is! How futile it is to believe for one moment that peace could ever come from that huge white building which stretches along the shores of the lake and on which such thousands of pounds have been so prodigally thrown away. How could peace ever come from the League of Nations when it is dominated by that ex-criminal, ex-robber, ex-murderer, ex-convict Wallach Meier Litvinoff, the man who prates of indivisible peace while all the time stirring up trouble, EMBROILING EUROPE IN ONE QUARREL AFTER ANOTHER, DETERMINED TO BRING ABOUT THAT WORLD WAR WHICH IS THE ULTIMATE AIM OF SOVIET DIPLOMACY?

In her letter to the *Morning Post* on September 25th entitled "Who's Who at Geneva?" Lady Houston puts a question to the "Powers that (unfortunately) be" that will need a great deal of ingenuity to answer satisfactorily.

THE CONTRAST

The position is as follows:

Abyssinia. The Negus who has been defeated by Italy and is always described as the "ex-Emperor," a title which clearly indicates that he has now no Empire, is admitted to the League of Nations as the representative of a country that is no longer his, but, with the exception of a few isolated tracts of useless country, now belongs to Italy.

Russia. This vast country, governed by Stalin, is represented at the League of Nations by Litvinoff, while the actual heir to the Throne of all the Russias is completely ignored and unrecognised by the League. And yet that heir to the Imperial Crown of Russia has a following which accepts him as Emperor, and which outnumbers many times the few rebels and rebel tribes who still refuse to accept Italian rule in Abyssinia.

If the Negus is accepted by the League of Nations as a representative of a country which is no longer his, how much more should the heir to the Russian Throne be recognised and admitted to the League of Nations on behalf of the millions of White Russians?

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Senor Vicuna, of Chile, proposing to the League Assembly that a credentials committee should be set up to report on whether the Abyssinian envoys should be allowed to attend.

Italy defeated Abyssinia and Haile Selassie fled from Addis Ababa because he knew that if he remained he would be assassinated by his own people. He lost his country, but notwithstanding this irrefutable fact he is the representative of that country at Geneva.

The Bolsheviks defeated the Russia of the Tsars and foully murdered the reigning Emperor and his family, and Imperial Russia became the U.S.S.R. even as Abyssinia became the property of Italy, but defeated Imperial Russia is not allowed a representative at the League of Nations!

That old adage "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" comes irresistibly to my mind, but the League of Nations does not apparently acknowledge such a hypothesis.

THE RED MONSTER

The explanation for the attitude of the League is not, however, difficult to find. It begins with Litvinoff and it ends with Litvinoff, that mentally distorted "Frankenstein" who is so much worse than the monster of the films in that he is still with us; BUT HIS EVIL INFLUENCE AND OPERATIONS WILL LIVE LONG AFTER HIM AND BRING SUFFERING AND DEATH AND RUIN TO THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS.

One day perhaps the Grand Duke Cyril may regain his throne. There are rumours even now of a gathering force of White Armies in Japan. Rumours, too, of unrest and discontent in the Red Army; rumours which may change the whole aspect of Russia. How will England face such a situation? And how will the Grand Duke Cyril view this country, view a Government which for nearly twenty years has systematically held out the hand of friendship to the murderers and criminals who rule in the Kremlin, the men who foully put his cousin to death, who ruined his country, who

despoiled his fortunes and sent him out an exile?

It is a tragic fact that at the present moment of acute international crisis England has sided with the forces of evil, has ranged herself on the side of those whose aim is to destroy Religion, culture and civilisation in Europe. An article by a "diplomatic correspondent," describing the present European tension, appeared in the Catholic Herald, and opens with the following sinister statement: "The two rivals are Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Portugal and the Spanish Rebels on the one side, and Britain, France, Russia, the Little Entente, and the small Powers on the other."

ENGLAND BETRAYED

The article goes on to state that Germany and Italy hope to smash Socialism in Europe and that if a Fascist Government should come into power in Spain the concession of the Balearic Islands to Italy would block the Western Mediterranean, "Thereby cutting British and French communications with the Far East so as to prevent their assisting Russia against Japan in the event of war."

That England should sink to this position, to be named as an ally and partisan of Russia, aligned with the murderers of the Kremlin, the butchers of Spain, shows the control of Litvinoff over our unhappy country, shows how far Mr. Eden has betrayed the traditions of his birth and upbringing, shows the stranglehold of the League of Nations on our policy, and our subservience to the alien forces which predominate at Geneva. This is the degrading position to which Mr. Eden's policy (or rather Litvinoff's policy with our Foreign Minister as the loud speaker) has brought us, allowing his personal antipathy to Italy and Fascism to blind his eyes and his personal regard for Litvinoff to guide his steps. He refuses to see the hands of friendship held out by Mussolini and Hitler.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SPAIN

By Christine Gosling

Tangier, September 20.

HERE has been a good deal of loose talk in the British Press since the outbreak of Civil War in Spain about a "small military caste" which is endeavouring to overthrow the " legally constituted Government." The truth is as follows. The minority which formed a Cabinet in February last came into power through an electoral fraud and never carried out any policy of their own, being in the hands of Syndicalists and Communists who, in their turn were ruled by Moscow. Thus, since the foundation of the "legally constituted Government," mob-law reigned in town and country, and arson, murder, pillage, rape and looting became the order of the day. None of these crimes were punished, and the police were forbidden to interfere. The present revolt is not a Fascist or a Monarchist rising but a movement to save Spain from ruin and perdition under Soviet

Most people are still unaware that for five years the Spanish Peninsula has been overrun by Bolshevik agitators and that now, daily radio talks are given in Spanish from Moscow, instructing the people in the gentle art of murder, that Russian officials are advising the "Government" in Madrid, and that Russians have been fighting in the ranks of the Spanish Marxists. To turn the tables, how would the level-headed British people enjoy being governed by a political party which had got into power through illegal means and had released criminals from gaol, allowing these persons to commit murders to burn public institutions, rob banks and violate women, all this without fear of chastisement? This is the condition of Spain to-day.

SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS

In many districts of Spain there were no churches or schools left standing long before civil war broke out. Lastly, how would the British people react when they realised that their Government was in the hands of subversive elements and led by a foreign nation? Such a state of affairs is unthinkable to the free-born Briton, but, strange to say, the Spanish people are of the same opinion and do not intend any longer to put up with anarchy and misrule.

General Franco's rising was hastened by the murder of Calvo Sotelo, the only politician in Spain who possessed vision and constructive ability. Born in 1893, he displayed in early youth



A skull found among the charred and burned ruins of a building in Irun, after the Reds had left the town.

outstanding qualities such as keen intellect and profundity of knowledge, great integrity of character, strength of will and a remarkable capacity for work. At the age of twenty-one he was already named assistant professor of the Central University of Madrid. Under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, he was to prove his remarkable financial ability in the liquidation and conversion of the National Debt, the arresting of the evasion of income tax and the formation of a petroleum monopoly. He was killed because he detailed in a three hours' speech in the Cortes every crime which the Government had condoned and encouraged since its assumption of power.

What a contrast to Señor Largo Caballero, surnamed the Spanish Lenin, and the most sinister figure in Spanish politics to-day. He was the leading spirit in the revolt in the Asturias two years ago, and the chief instigator of the unspeakable atrocities which took place there, in addition to the destruction of 63 churches, 730 public buildings and the looting of the bank at Oviedo. Largo is determined to achieve the dictatorship of the Proletariat by violence and has armed the most dangerous elements of the populace in Madrid.

The Fronte Populaire in France has given valuable aid to the Frente Popular in Spain and, while Blum's Government has cried for non-interven-

tion, munitions and money and aeroplanes have been pouring in. There were many Frenchmen fighting at Irun as well as in the Government expeditionary force sent to Majorca.

In the international zone of Tangier, where France is the paramount Power, the Spanish Government Fleet was allowed to re-fuel and to take refuge at night between the intervals of bombarding the coastal towns of Spain and Morocco. When the cruiser Jaime I came into Tangier Bay after having massacred her officers she was bombed by one of Franco's planes, and he sent an ultimatum to the authorities of the town with a result that the Red fleet then left the Port. But, for a long time afterwards a unit of that fleet remained here-namely the Tofiño, a hydrographic vessel-on board of which Communistic meetings were held nightly, and the Government submarines were re-fuelled by her. Even now, there is a traffic of fishing boats between Malaga and Tangier, and many Communist refugees from Spain are said to be hiding in the native quarter of the town. Beside these there are over a thousand armed Spanish Communists here who are said to be supplied with machine guns as well as revolvers.

No Spanish paper on the Nationalist side is allowed to be sold, and consequently the Spaniards can only read the subversive Bolshevist Press. Further, a correspondent of a London paper has now set up a Press Bureau in company with the correspondent of the *Intransigeant*. The former has been spreading false news about the mutiny on board the Portuguese warships, and also on the situation in Malaga.

RED ATROCITIES

When two idealogies are violently struggling for supremacy, prejudice is inevitable, but General Franco's well disciplined troops do not commit the unspeakable acts of horror of their opponents: it is true, however, that when they come into a town and find children hanging by their feet, men and women burnt or disembowelled, they shoot en masse the perpetrators of these deeds of infamy.

The correspondent of an English paper remarked recently to the writer: "Although I am a Communist, I hope that Franco will win, for I have seen the atrocities committed by the other side and cannot believe that such people are capable of governing a country." Moreover, it should be noted that the Moors fight willingly in a holy war, and the deposed Sultan Abdul Assiz has said with reference to present events that his people would never go into battle on the side of a Godless faction as it would be against their religion to do so. THE ROLL OF HONOUR TO THE NATIONALIST SPANIARDS



Red troops firing from the Cathedral in Siguenza. Before evacuating a town, they loot and burn all churches.

FALLEN IN THE CIVIL WAR STATES THAT THEY HAVE DIED FOR THEIR FAITH AND FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

The attitude of mind between the warring factions is well accentuated when travelling from a town or district occupied by the Nationalists, to a town still in the hands of the Marxist Government. The inhabitants of Seville throng the streets, all the cinemas and theatres are open, and there is a feeling of security and joyful expectancy. But, in Madrid, Barcelona and Malaga, what tragic spectacles meet the eye! Smouldering ruins of once beautiful churches . . . persons of all classes compelled to wear the workman's overalls, and hurrying hither and thither with furtive strained faces . . . hordes of red militia taken from the dregs of society, and with bloodlust in their eyes.

When order and decency have been restored in Spain one of the gravest problems will be how to deal with the boy and girl delinquents of ten years of age and upwards, steeped in crime and felony, who have been armed and taught to shoot down any persons they may consider suspect.

In her recent communications to the Press which have elicited such a spirited reply from Lady Houston, the Duchess of Atholl directs much well-meaning but ill-timed activity to a side

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issue where civilisation is being undermined in its very foundation. On the other hand, Professor Unamuno, Rector of the University of Salamanca, who has been styled the Father of the Spanish Republic, has gone over to the side of the Patriots, because, as he says, "of the grave peril to civilisation."

Spain has become the first great battlefield in the universal conflict of Bolshevism versus civilisation. No longer is it a question of Fascism against Communism, or of any political or ethical creed pitted against the other. It is not even a question of paganism versus religion, for even the savages of darkest Africa have some code, some belief of one sort or another. We have come to the parting of the ways. On the one side is bestiality, dishonesty and the complete degradation of the human being by the worst form of

slavery, that is to say the collective and herd method; on the other side there are still a few principles and traditions and civilising influences such as faith, love, honour, although they may be interpreted by the majority of mankind more in the letter than in the spirit. The Proletariat of all countries led by rascally and ignorant demagogues does not realise that Fascism is a modified form of Socialism, since its objects are to evacuate slums and raise the standard of living not so much by combating illiteracy as by character building of the young generation. BUT KNAVES AND FOOLS SEEM TO BE DIRECTING THE DESTINIES OF MAN AND THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT IS MAKING A GREAT SUPREME OFFENSIVE TO SET EUROPE IN FLAMES, SO AS TO IMPOSE ITS MONSTROUS TENETS ON THE WORLD.

Battleships or Scholarships?

By Periscope

H.M.S. PRESIDENT, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Drill Ship moored along-side the Victoria Embankment just above Blackfriars Bridge, was giving London its own opportunity to see how the Royal Navy works and lives.

Mounted police appeared. Then a long column of weeds of both sexes, many of them bearing banners of fiery red adorned with designs of futuristic frightfulness. The majority wore dirty brown shirts. There was hardly an English face among them, and the accents of the world were mingled in the insults which they hurled across the narrow strip of Thames at the ship which had done noble service during the war as a "Q" ship in combating the submarine menace and ensuring that sufficient food arrived to keep them alive. One was almost sorry that these people had been kept alive through the efforts of the ships and the men at whom they shrieked imprecations and shook fists in the impotent communist salute.

ALIEN MENACE

"Sink that ship!" they yelled. And again, and more often, "We want scholarships, not battleships!"

Was there ever greater irony? Was there ever greater proof of the truth of the saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing? These men and women, homeless aliens almost to a man, had been received into the only really free country in the world. They had been nourished and taught—the puerile lies peddled by our socialist school teachers. Thus they yelled for scholarships, and thought that these, which in their muddled brains

appeared to be step-ladders to lucrative positions, might well be paid for by depriving the British Empire of battleships.

Was there ever such a misconception of facts? Even if we accept for the sake of argument that battleships might be sacrificed for the better education of such as these, where would an odd seven million go towards producing scholarships on the scale desired? Already the charge upon the State for the education of the masses is nearly 45 million pounds—three-quarters of the sum voted for the Navy during 1935-36. And what is the result? Discontent and the dissemination of doctrines which are utterly hostile to the safety of the State which cares for these people and teaches them.

THE NAVY GIVES EMPLOYMENT

Let us go one step further. Suppose the Royal Navy were abolished altogether, what sum would be available for scholarships? In the first place 100,000 sailors would be thrown out of work. And more than a million workpeople in hundreds of different trades would be rendered idle. All these would have to be cared for by the State. In other words the expenditure on dole would increase enormously—so enormously that it would automatically swallow up a very large proportion of the sum which would be saved by the abolition of the Navy. As a result there would be left enough to provide only a few scholarships for these half-educated malcontents, and the discontent would grow among them as a result. "Why can't we all have what some have?" they would cry.

And a step further. To produce educational

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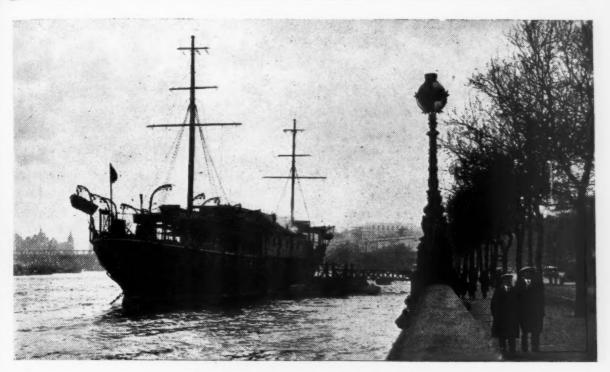
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"H.M.S. President," off Victoria Embankment.

facilities at the expense of national security is obviously a purblind idiocy. What is the use of teaching all the young men and women the mysteries of ancient Greece and the higher calculus if they are to be starved to death? The masses did not find the philosophy of the ancients of much solace when the submarine menace made them tighten their belts in 1917. Nor did the scholars find much solace. They were, in fact, just as hungry. Which goes to show that learning is poor meat and that the *first* duty of a government is to provide food for the people, and to provide education is a smaller and subsidiary duty.

VOTE-CATCHING MACHINE

And that is just what the British Government persists in ignoring. To Whitehall education is a grand vote-catching machine. The Government ignores the fact that it is just as grand a machine for the dissemination of subversive ideas and the doctrine of world revolution. But Moscow is not blind to this fact. Nor does it ignore it. Why is it that the vast majority of the Government-controlled schools in this country are presided over by teachers who try their best to inculcate the doc-trines of the Kremlin into the youth of Great Britain? Why is it that the teachers as a body are for ever steadfastly against the teaching of the glorious deeds which built up the British Empire? Why are they averse to the keeping of any holiday or festival which is of a truly patriotic nature?

These questions might well be answered by the Government—if it were not for the fact that a large vote is at stake. Yet, while the Government tacitly agree to this deplorable state of affairs with regard to the so-called education of the youth of this country, it is trying to persuade young people to join the fighting services. Thus one is faced with

the queer paradox of a so-called Government subsidising the growth of pacifism and communism in the young and then spending effort and money to effect the opposite persuasion among those who have recently left the schools.

All the Services are now short of men. The Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Ministry all want men. They have all realised that the only way to ensure a steady supply of men for the protection of the country and the Empire lies in the Imperial ideal being taught in the schools. Therefore the departments responsible for the Defence Services have approached the Board of Education with a view to appropriate patriotic lectures being given in the schools.

The Board of Education, faced with a difficult problem, has most effectively but not quite openly "passed the buck" to the school teachers. Thus it is up to the school teachers, servants of the State, paid by the State, to decide whether patriotic matter shall be taught in the schools under their care. And the answer, in the majority of cases has been NO.

Even where teachers have allowed patriotic lectures on the work and value of the Defence Services to be given in their schools, the majority of them have immediately laid themselves out to undo the good which has been done by the rapid super-imposition of such catch-phrases as "collective security" and the idolisation of the League of Nations.

What is going to be done about it? It is in the youth of the nation that must lie the salvation or the damnation of the country. And the only way to set this to rights is to root out the carriers of the Moscow germs and go back to the teaching of our fathers—that the British Empire must come first, last, and all the time.

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ENGLAND'S HUMILIATION

By Robert Machray

said Mr. Hearst, the American newspaper multi-millionaire, one day last week to an interviewer, and then he asked, "What good has it done England, anyway? America is not going to be involved in such nonsense." He didn't trouble to recall the fact that it was an American President who imposed the League on England and involved her in that "nonsense," but he undoubtedly went straight to the core of the matter when he put the question respecting what good the League had been to England. His query was framed in such a way that the answer was inevitably "in the negative."

Conceivably Mr. Hearst might have gone a good deal farther, but probably was much too polite to do so. He might have said that instead of good the League had done England nothing but harm, thanks to the extraordinary Baldwin policy of making the Geneva Institution the sheet anchor, the keystone and so forth of British foreign policy. Indicating his opinion of the League plainly enough as just nonsense, he refrained from adding that our wretched Government's devotion to it was ridiculous, but even Baldwin himself had to admit, after the League's complete failure regarding Italy and Abyssinia, that the position was humiliating.

LESSON OF THE LEAGUE

If it was humiliating for the League and its partisans, what was it for England, the chief of the partisans, and the Great Power who had spurred on the League to enforce the Sanctions? It is not a pleasant reflection on which to dwell, but it should be wholesome, particularly as the lesson it taught has very evidently not been learnt and taken to heart, as is clear from what occurred in the Assembly on September 21-23, the net result being more humiliation for England. She was defeated in a major, or what should have been a major, act of policy by a combination of the little States led by that arch-schemer, Litvinoff, the Soviet's Foreign Minister.

There can be no dispute about the facts. In essentials the question was whether the Italian or the Abyssinian Delegation was to sit in the Assembly, the one virtually excluding the other. Our Government had arranged with that of France for the inclusion of the Italians, which was indeed demanded by the realities of the situation, and London and Paris thought the thing was settled, both with the object, of course, of creating better relations with Signor Mussolini. The small States, however, were not in an agreeable mood, and a suggestion was thrown out of an appeal to The Hague Court for a ruling, a proposal which faute de mieux those States were inclined to accept, though not without much grumbling.

Skilfully taking advantage of the discontent, the

mutual fears and the tendency to revolt on occasion of the little States, Litvinoff contrived to line up most of the small nations against the two Great Powers in the Assembly, though it is solely to the continued adherence to the League of those two Great Powers-England and France-that Geneva may still be supposed to retain some shreds of Litvinoff had the whip hand, and England and France not only meekly withdrew all opposition but voted with the majority! What France did is her affair. But England-was she ever before shown in a more humiliating light by And when the Assembly her representatives? proceeded to stultify itself by electing the head of the non-existent Italian Delegation to a Vice-President's chair those gentry concurred.

MINORITY RULE

It is well worth while noting that the little States ruled the roost at Geneva. They can always do so when enough of them are of one and the same mind. According to the so-called democratic but really irrational and illogical constitution of the League, the smallest and most insignificant Statemember has precisely identical voting-power with the greatest of great States whether in the Assembly or the Council, Estonia, for example, being reckoned the equal of England-which, stated simply, is simply foolish. Yet this is the foundation that the League is built and stands on to-day, though far from firmly, it is true, because Japan, Germany and Italy have undermined it, and soon or late the whole structure is certain to give way and fall in ruins. That will be a good thing, especially for England, who has only lost by her association with it, both in repute and consequently in prestige.

All the proposals and plans for the reform of the League that are based on the equality of its members are inherently fallacious, because no such equality exists and will in the nature of things never exist. Some twenty of the member-States have now ventilated their ideas about the League in Memoranda submitted to the Secretariat, but not one of them faces the fatal flaw of its equalitarianism. Among absurdities that did find vent in the meetings of the League was that of a resurrection of the Disarmament Conference, and this at a time of all times when the prodigious and ever-increasing arming and rearming of Europe is the fact which dominates the whole international situation!

At Geneva Mr. Eden stated that our Government still pins its faith to the League — it seems incredible, a kind a perversion of the schoolman's "Credo quia impossibile." The League qua League has proved itself England's worst enemy, and twice within the year has covered her with humiliation, besides alienating old friends and allies. How much longer is this damnable sort of thing to go on?

THE BARREL

By Dan Russell

during the daytime you could hear the whisper of their feet as they ran beneath the rough board flooring. If one approached very cautiously and flung open the door one had a swift glimpse of dozens of the rodents fleeing to the safety of their holes. But at night, when all was quiet, was the time when the whole colony came out to feed. Then, indeed, was the granary a scene of bustling life. Scores of them trooped out of their hiding places to feast upon the golden grain. They gnawed through the fibres of the sacks so that the corn trickled out and lay in heaps upon the floor; they crept inside the sacks and polluted the clean grain which lay within. They scurried hither and thither about the barn wreaking their wasteful wills upon its precious contents.

The farmer was worried. Once he had cleared the granary by tarring a rat and letting it loose. That had cleared them away for a while, but now they were more numerous than before. Poison they would not touch, there was too much easy living in the grain. One or two he had trapped but that made no difference to the swarms which lived and bred amongst his grain. Ferrets were useless in the tortuous holes which ran beneath the floor, there was so much room that the rats could dodge them all day.

Expert Advice

It was the keeper who solved his problem for him. They met at the local market and the farmer asked advice. The old man whose life had been spent with the wild creatures grinned. "Tell 'ee what ter dew," he said and spoke for a long time. The farmer went home and spent the rest of the day in his workshop. Towards evening he took his handiwork over to the granary and, after adjusting it delicately, he left it.

Evening fell and in the twilight the rats came out to raid and plunder. But after the first minute or two little noses began to twitch inquisitively. A new and powerful odour was in the granary, a strange enticing smell which made their mouths water.

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They soon found where it came from. Standing near to one of the walls was a barrel. Across the top of this barrel lay a strip of board, one end of which rested on a shelf in the wall. The other end of the board projected over the barrel and it was from this end that the alluring smell came, for nailed to the board was the head of a herring. What the rats did not know was that the board was hinged to the barrel so that the slightest weight by the bait would cause it to tilt up.

The rats gathered on the shelf, their eyes bright with greed. They shoved and jostled each other in their eagerness, but none ventured along that narrow gangway. The rat is no fool, anything new must be carefully examined from all sides before he will have anything to do with it.

For fully an hour the rats crowded round the board. The scent of the herring drove them almost frantic. They squeaked and pushed and even fought, but their inborn sense of wariness warned them that here might be a trap. Not even for the luscious herring would they tread that narrow road.

But at last one of them could bear it no longer. He ventured to stand upon the runway. Nothing happened. He sniffed at it but could detect no alien scent. He ventured an inch further amazed at his own boldness. His companions watched him eagerly. Their shrill squeaks encouraged him. Very slowly he walked along the plank until he was over the barrel. Here he stopped for many minutes unable to screw up his courage to go further.

But the smell of the herring was too much for him. On and on he crept until he was nearly up to it. Then, suddenly, the board tilted beneath his feet; for a moment he clawed at the smooth wood then he fell headlong into the water with which the barrel was half full.

Terribly frightened he swam round the sides of the cask seeking for a foothold, but the farmer had planed it smooth. His strength was failing and he must surely drown. Then he espied a sort of island in the middle of the barrel. Two bricks had been reared on end so that they projected above the water.

The rat swam to these bricks and clambered on to them. Then as soon as he was safe he began to squeal. Whether he squealed in fright or whether he was appealing to his comrades to come to his aid I do not know, but squeal he did. And therein lay the cleverness of the keeper's trap.

The Death-Trap

As soon as his friends heard his squealing they became very agitated. They pushed and jostled more furiously than before. It was as if they were unable to resist that piteously appealing voice. One of them rushed up the board and peered into the depths of the barrel. He was unable to see anything. He moved further and the board tilted. Down he went into the water.

After a moments swimming he saw the bricks and swam towards them, but the first comer repelled him. Then began a battle royal for possession of the vantage point. They fought noisily and the din they made seemed to have a magnetic effect on the mob in the granary. One after another they ran up the board only to be tilted into the barrel. The water was a surging mass of fighting rats and still others came to join the

In the morning the farmer smiled when he looked into the barrel. Floating in the water were seventy-four dead rats and sitting on the bricks, wounded and bleeding was the sole survivor. The barrel had proved effective.



Hitler has built up an organisation—the Hitler Youth Movement—which will safeguard Germany's future.

OW weak seem all words and arguments in the face of a defiant deed."

Herr Hitler's bold deeds and words to the youth of his nation have echoed round the world like a trumpet call.

British youth, with equal right to feel that their race and their future should be freed from the encroachments of the deadly doctrine of Bolshevism, still wait for such a call.

Here in Britain, with a Parliamentary system that has fallen into palpable decay and Parliamentarian leaders who have neither the vision nor the courage to tell youth how to maintain its perishing heritage, Patriotism has no place.

Our so-called leaders are too busy doing the dirty work of the Russian Litvinoff to think clearly where Britain's destiny should lead her. are still sunk in the slough of words when the Fascist leaders abroad have entered the realm of

They are too busy devising schemes of so-called "collective security" to realise that the only

Engla

HISTORICUS"

security which Britain can trust to is in the strength of her own arms and her alignment against Disruption in this age when the choice has been defined-the choice between Ordered Government and Red Chaos.

People have said that Britain is decadent.

IT IS NOT BRITAIN WHICH IS DE-CADENT: IT IS THE LEADERSHIP OF BRITAIN WHICH IS DEGENERATE.

The British Army was once described as an army of lions led by asses. That is the state of the whole British race to-day.

For nearly twenty years the elected leaders of the people, in all parties, have preached Pacifism where there has been no peace.

They have cheese-pared when they should have spent lavishly on defence.

They have made nauseating Coalitions in order to keep Office when they should have been abroad throughout the land rousing the nation to its

At every step and turn they have truckled to

India sacrificed, Egypt sacrificed, Palestine in chaos, and Britain herself—the heart of the greatest Empire the world has ever known-linked to the most corrupt and bloody Government the world has

This is our record—while over the Channel the men and boys, the women and girls, of Germany and Italy are awake to a new consciousness of racial pride, imbued with a new patriotism.

In Rome and in Berlin, Communism and sentimental internationalism were crushed at birth by the strong patriotic hands of Mussolini and Hitler.

Here in Britain we have made Ramsay MacDonald, the foster-father of Communism, a power in the land. Under his malign influence the head of the Conservative Party, Stanley Baldwin, has betrayed every principle of Imperial-We have been sold like slaves into a political bondage to Russia. Our Foreign Secretary has made himself notorious in Geneva, Moscow and London as the lickspittler of Litvinoff. WHERE ARE THE BOYS OF THE

BULL-DOG BREED?

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Awake!

Unless the youth of Britain bestirs itself there can only be one end to this already shameful record.

We shall be dragged by France at Russia's chariot wheels into a war in Europe—ON THE WRONG SIDE.

To bolster up the murderous régime of Moscow we shall be asked to fight our would-be friends by the allies of assassins.

There was a time within living memory when such a deadly contingency would have caused such a campaign of protest that no Minister could have continued the evil work.

Why, to-day, do not the halls and parks of Britain echo with the protests of the people who are being betrayed?



In England, young dupes of Communism are allowed to parade the streets, giving the Communist salute and carrying hammer and sickle banners.



Mussolini chose the uniform for the new Fascist corps for boys. He has imbued Italy with a new patriotism.

IF BRITAIN IS TO SAVE HERSELF EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE MUST MAKE THE VOICE OF PATRIOTISM HEARD. IT IS NO USE MERELY GRUMBLING ABOUT THESE THINGS: THE NATION MUST ACT.

Now, if ever, the cry should be " Patriots to the flag!"

Let those readers of the Saturday Review who are aware of the danger set to work, each in his or her own community, and gather together those who feel with them.

Let such a crusade of protest be launched that will echo through history as the salvation of the land at the eleventh hour of its direst weakness.

Our paid Members of Parliament dare not act. They cower before the party whips.

But if we are true citizens we must act: and lash our silent and supine representatives into movement.

The cause behind such a crusade can be simply stated.

Britain first—Britain strong—and no truck with the Reds of Russia.

There have been purges before to-day in our public life. We can, if we will, purge from our counsels and from the leadership of the nation these shufflers and blunderers, these lickspittlers and marplots, these toadies of Russia, and we can replace them by men who love England.

It is our insistent need.

And it must be met quickly.

If action is not taken now black doom will be upon our own heads.

Let Britain be Britain again. England awake!

RACING

What Happens to Them All?

By David Learmonth

EVERY year we read in the papers that some fashionably bred yearling has fetched an enormous sum of money.

To balance this, nearly every year we realise that the fabulously expensive yearling of the previous season is not in the least likely to be worth much as a race-horse; then finally we forget all about him as he has drifted into oblivion.

This year Miss Dorothy Paget broke all records at Doncaster by bidding fifteen thousand guineas for a yearling. Already people are wondering whether this will prove to be so much money thrown away.

Miss Paget's previous expensive purchases have not turned out too well. The dearest of them all, until the last, Twopence, proved a miserable failure, his only claim to fame being that for some mysterious reason that was attributed to sentimental bets from the women of England, he suddenly became quite a firm order for the Derby.

This does not mean that Miss Paget's latest acquisition is doomed to be a failure. Expensive yearlings *have* proved worth their money, though so many of them have not.

A Splendid Bargain

For instance, Mr. R. S. Sievier paid what was then a record price of ten thousand guineas for the famous mare Sceptre as a yearling and a splendid bargain she proved.

In more recent years Lord Glanely paid eleven thousand five hundred guineas for Westward Ho! who proved difficult to train. Yet he cannot be called a bad horse for he ran third in the St. Leger. As a sire I would not rate him very highly; but at least he managed to earn something of his cost.

Lord Glanely's next expensive purchase, Blue Ensign for, as far as I remember, over fourteen thousand guineas did not turn out so well. In fact he must be classed as a complete failure as a racehorse. However, his next expensive purchase, Singapore, who cost twelve thousand guineas, won the St. Leger and is doing well at the stud; so he must be reckoned a cheap horse as values go today.

People must often wonder what happens eventually to those horses which gain notoriety and sometimes renown in the sale ring or on the race-course. Twopence, when I last heard of him, was running in small races, many others have been completely lost trace of. Some are in the hunting field, others abroad; some may even be pulling bakers' carts for all anybody knows.

Last year at Newmarket I was standing in a paddock which overlooked those of Sir George Bullough and there, rough coated and turned out in a field was that great race-horse Golden Myth, who has to his credit the remarkable feat of winning the Ascot Gold Cup and the Eclipse Stakes in the same year, the first race over two miles and

a half and the second over a mile and a quarter.

He was indeed a great race-horse; but at the stud he proved a dire failure. He was given every chance; but gradually it became clear that he was destined to get fewer and fewer winners. The subscriptions fell away until it was obviously not worth while keeping him as a stallion. Now I believe he is used occasionally as a teaser.

On the other hand, horses which seem to have been disappointments on the race-course often make good sires. Lord Glanely's Colombo, hailed as a champion two-year-old and a hot favourite for the Derby, looks like doing well at the stud, though it is too early to tell yet.

Was Colombo a Failure?

I must say, however, that I have never been able to bring myself to regard Colombo as a failure as a three-year-old. I feel sure that with better jockeyship he would have won the Derby. Johnstone, who rode him had gained his experience in France and was not at all happy on the Epsom course.

I remember Fred Fox and myself having a discussion on the subject of sires a few years ago and we recalled the number of first class stallions which had never been more than good handicappers on the race-course. They were, almost without exception, middle distance horses. The dead stayers came out very badly.

I think there is a lot of luck about a horse's success at the stud. I do not mean in the case of the Bahrams and Windsor Lads whose services are snapped up immediately at five hundred guineas a time but in the case of well bred horses with a fair record on the turf. Many of them never get a chance. On the other hand one may belong to a man with good mares of his own who is determined to make the stallion's reputation if he can, or the horse may produce a wonder by a fluke after which breeders will try him. It is then up to him to keep up the good work.

I have noticed that these fluke horses never seem to get anything at the stud. Take Happy Man, for example, one of the greatest stayers we have ever had and a splendid winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, but got by Desman, a quite unknown son of Desmond. Happy Man never got anything worth having at the stud; still, I don't think breeders gave him much chance.

Another fluke horse was James White's Irish Elegance. He was a smashing horse over short distances; but he has never got anything of the same class as himself.

The end of a race-horse often seems strange to reasonable people. Eclipse's feet were so neglected that he was foundered at a comparatively early age and had to be destroyed. Yet he was earning Colonel O'Kelly a large income in stud fees.

THEATRE NOTES

"The Tiger"

Embassy Theatre

By Reginald Berkeley.

NOT being a close student of French history I was unable fully to appreciate Clemenceau's part therein as depicted in "The Tiger" at the Embassy. Nevertheless, as a "chronicle play," in eleven scenes which covered the life of "The Tiger" from the age of seventeen to seventyeight, Reginald Berkeley, with the most admirable help of Ronald Adam who produced, has managed to convey to his audience the whole drama of the latter half of the 19th and early part of the 20th centuries in the political history of France.

It is no easy matter for a young man in his early twenties to portray a youth of seventeen, an old man of seventy-eight, and the same character at various ages during a very eventful life, and Mr. William Devlin thoroughly deserved the very generous and enthusiastic applause he received at the fall of the final curtain for the way in which he handled so difficult a task. He literally aged before our eyes as the years passed, seemingly without effort, and he has undoubtedly added to his laurels by his performance as "The Tiger." It has been most interesting to watch this young artist since I first saw him some three years ago as a student in Embassy productions, go from strength to strength in his stage career.

Mr. Devlin was well supported by a large cast which included Raf de la Torre as Emile Zola-of whom personally I should have liked to see more, Peter Ashmore as Ferre, Nigel Clarke as Blanqui, Tom Macaulay as Dr. Bossiere, Reyner Baron as an English Statesman and Elizabeth Western as a Secretary.

"Over She Goes!"

Saville Theatre

F anyone were to ask me what this play was about I should not be able to answer. As far as I could gather somebody jilted somebody, somebody else was presumed to be dead and turned out not to be, and the whole thing was mixed up in some inconsequent way with a vaudeville act. If anybody desires any further particulars on the subject the person to consult is Stanley Lupino, Saville Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. Any enquiries will, of course, be treated as entirely

This phantasmagoria of nonsense was "presented" by Laddie Cliff, who himself worked exceedingly hard and did everything but dance, which was a great disappointment to me.

The Cliff-Lupino combination is a thoroughly sound one because it is so nicely balanced. Lupino is an excellent low comedian — in its nice sense, of course-and Cliff is one of those rare people who can appear to be volatile and ineffective at the same time.

Syd Walker was a joy to me and in fact must be to anyone who appreciates the real trouper. His is a rich performance of a type too rarely seen nowadays.

I must confess to being disappointed on the distaff side. Having been reared theatrically in the days of Edna May, Evelyn Millard, Evie Greene, Lily Elsie and the rest of them, I find our modern leading ladies singularly ineffective.

"Front of House"

Arts Theatre Club

By Charles Landstone.

HE theatre-going public, paying to see what goes on on the stage of a theatre, does not perhaps give much thought to those very necessary employées concerned with the front of the house, viz.: the attendants, the bar manageress the programme girls, the box office assistant, the commissionaire, the theatre manager, the stage manager, the cleaners, and Press representative, to say nothing of the author of the play.

Charles Landstone has contrived an interesting and amusing play based on the possible private lives of such people. Space does not permit of details of the story but the dialogue is excellent and the cast admirable. There were outstanding performances by Kathleen Boutall as the Bar Manageress, Ronald Shiner as an Attendant, Mary Glynne as Lady Millicent Coombs-authoress and by Esme Percy as an Actor-Manager.

"The Desert Song"

Coliseum

THIS popular musical play of some years back has been revived at the Coliseum with new scenery and dresses and, it would seem, its original enthusiasm. The music has lost none of its appeal, the plot still holds its own and Edith Day, Harry Welchman and Clarice Hardwicke, all in their original parts, are as successful as ever. The chorus is to be specially complimented on its efficiency, and the production as a whole, in the capable hands of Lee Ephraim is excellent.

"Certainly, Sir!"

Hipprodrome

7ARIOUS people have contributed to the making of "Certainly, Sir!" presented by Jack Waller at the Hippodrome. The chorus work is excellent, and with such artists as George Robey, Rene Houston and Mackenzie Ward leading the cast, there should have been little cause for complaint. Even such artists, however, cannot make bricks without straw, and in attempting, seemingly, to make a revue out of a musical comedy those responsible have fallen between two stools. It may be a case of too many cooks. . . with the usual disappointing results.

"Love's Labour Lost" The Old Vic.

THE 23rd consecutive season at the Old Vic opened with "Love's Labour Lost" (Shakespeare). The story is too well known to need reiteration and I must, therefore, confine myself to criticism. In such vein I am disappointed. The dialogue, I felt, was taken much too quickly-with one exception, the part of the old Count played by Ernest Milton. The costumes, too, were to my mind, scarcely worthy of the production, although the colour scheme and the lighting did much to diminish this deficiency. The cast as a whole was tremendously enthusiastic, but no personality was outstanding.

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NATIONAL FREEDOM

or INTERNATIONAL BONDAGE

The Liberty Restoration League (President: The Duke of Wellington)

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stands for

Individual liberty and responsibility.

Sanctity of the family, and parental responsibility. Restoration of the voluntary spirit in Social Services, and reduced taxation.

Individual ownership and control of private property, necessary to the home.

Unsubsidised private enterprise, and craftsmanship; high-quality goods, fostered by free competition

Full and free economic use of the natural sources of wealth of Britain and the Empire—agriculture, coal and other minerals.

Recovery by the King's Courts of Justice of their traditional authority, now exercised by unidentifiable bureaucrats and boards (Soviets). Recovery of Britain's freedom to pursue a foreign policy which the nation believes to be right, and the termination of a foreign policy dictated by the deliberately organised weakness of the Navy (now utterly dependent upon alien-controlled oil), by the League of Nations, and by Zionists.

Political and Economic Planning-P.E.P.

(Chairman: Mr. Israel Moses Sieff)

stands for

The liberty of few, and the enslavement of many. State-control.

More compulsion, more officials, more State interference, more taxation.

Control of property by Trusts and Monopolies.

Monopolies and Trusts, controlled by Soviets and Commissars; compulsory nationalisation; mass-production of low-quality goods.

Restriction in agricultural produce, through Marketing Boards, and the closing of coal-mines—elimination of "Plenty in the midst of Poverty." The substitution of arbitrariness and self-interest for the Rule of Law.

Internationalism.

On 8th April, 1936, Mr. Israel M. Sieff, Chairman of P.E.P. (also a Vice-President of the Zionist Federation and Deputy Chairman of Marks & Spencer, Ltd. etc.), consented to preside at a debate, on a public platform, of the issues between P.E.P. and the Liberty Restoration League. On 21st August, the General Secretary of P.E.P. declined the debate unless the public and the Press were excluded. On 8th September, Mr. Sieff confirmed the decision of the General Secretary and stated that his colleagues were "very rigid on this point."

The issues which the debate was to ventilate are contained in The Unseen Net (price 3d.—post free).

The Liberty Restoration League is an independent and voluntary association of Free Britons.

P.E.P., which advocates the compulsory regimentation of unfree Britons, has world-wide associations. It is well represented in the National Government, and it has in Great Britain numerous subsidiary or associated organisations, now advocating a "Popular Front."

Its creed is materialism.

Its creed is Christianity.

If you value your personal liberty— If you value your country's liberty— If you value Christian liberty—

Support financially and join personally the

LIBERTY RESTORATION LEAGUE

which is opposed by international finance 24 ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

CHAIRMAN

- CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N.

XUM

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Ludendorff on War

By the Literary Critic

"TOTALITARIAN warfare" is the theme of the latest of General Ludendorff's half dozen books.

"The Nation At War" (translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is the English title, and in it Ludendorff proceeds to expound both how a nation should conduct a future war and how the last Great War was mismanaged on the German side.

In view of its authorship the book naturally has an importance that must ensure serious attention being paid to it. At the same time one must confess that its logic is by no means free from glaring inconsistencies, and some of its most confident pronouncements are well calculated to provoke strong criticism and dissent.

The essential factor for success in war, Ludendorff insists, is the "fitness" of the whole nation. This entails a "psychical unity" and the elimination of all elements of weakness such as apparently the existence of creeds that conflict with what he calls the "German perception of God." Even Christianity is referred to as an "alien creed."

For Clausewitz and his theories of war and politics Ludendorff professes complete contempt.

"The nature of war has changed, the character of politics has changed, and now the relations existing between politics and the conduct of war must also change. All the theories of Clausewitz should be thrown overboard. Both warfare and politics are meant to serve the preservation of the people, but warfare is the highest expression of the national 'will to live,' and politics must, therefore, be subservient to the conduct of war."

Yet having thus summarily dismissed Clausewitz and touched upon the economic foundations of military power, he later on proceeds to class as an "immutable principle" Clausewitz' doctrine concerning the prime necessity of "annihilating the hostile armies in battle."

Japanese Poetry and Culture

The Japanese, as their Art bears ample witness, are a highly cultured people and their cultural tradition has come down from a long distant past.

One of the forms it has taken has been a passion for the perfect little poem or "tanka" of 31 syllables.

For a thousand years or more Emperors and their courtiers, major and minor poets and all who have had any claims to intellectual gifts have vied with one another in producing these "tankas" and making them the vehicle of noble ideas finely expressed—little nutshells of beauty and wisdom.

Mr. Asatoro Miyamori has essayed the very difficult task of conveying, through the medium of translation, the excellencies of some of the best of these poems, ancient and modern, to English readers.

It is an experiment that must arouse feelings of sympathy and gratitude from all friends and admirers of Japan and its people.

If some of the poetic flavour of these tankas is inevitably lost in the translation into another tongue, Mr. Miyamori's "Masterpieces of Japanese Poetry" (Maruyan and Co., Tokyo, and Kegan Paul, London, price unspecified) at least affords us an agreeable and illuminating insight into Japanese mentality, while the vast number of coloured and other illustrations, which adorn the two volumes, provide their own exquisite setting to the poetic "gems" displayed.

In the Belgian Congo

"Great Mother Forest"—the title Commander Attilio Gatti gives to the fascinating book recounting his latest explorations (Hodder and Stoughton, illustrated, 20s.)—is, he tells us, the name conferred by its pygmy inhabitants on the evergreen equatorial forest that stretches across the Belgian Congo.

Besides exploring this forest and the ways of its pygmy dwellers and capturing a specimen of that extremely shy animal the okapi, Commander Gatti found occasion to make a close study of an interesting African race of fine physique and great capabilities, the Watussi, whose origin he traces back to ancient Egypt both because of "their striking somatic resemblance to the Pharaohs and the affinity of their pastoral habits and customs."

Commander Gatti discovered that there are two kinds of okapi, his own capture in the Kibali district differing in certain respects from the okapi called after Sir Harry Johnstone. Though the animal is very elusive it is not so rare, he declares, as it has generally been supposed to be.

Chaucer Made Easy

Not everyone these days can read Chaucer with appreciation and understanding, and those who find the archaic spelling and language an almost insuperable obstacle to their desire to become better acquainted with the Father of English Poetry may be recommended to study Mr. Frank Ernest Hill's modernised version of "The Canterbury Tales" along with the original.

Mr. Hill is himself a poet, and his reverence for Chaucer may be gauged by the fact that he has spent a considerable number of years in endeavouring to make his modernised verse correspond as closely as possible with what Chaucer actually wrote.

That his work of piety has not been in vain must be acknowledged by anyone who takes the trouble to compare Mr. Hill's "translation" with the original ("The Canterbury Tales," Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

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We invite our readers to write to us expressing their views on matters of current :: :: interest :: ::

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Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us

We Have Our Patriot Leader

MY LADY,

I have admired your ladyship for years, but have never before said so.

In the editorial of September 19th your ladyship said: "What a blessing it would be if England could find a Hitler. There must be one somewhere."

The nations of Scotland, England and Wales do not need a Hitler. They already have a Hitleress named Lady Houston, the only British lady who has exposed Baldwin's slave Eden, the paid booster of the LIE and FRAUD called the League of "Nations," a league of canting politicians whose real purpose is to fool and enslave all Nations.

GEORGE CHAMBERS.

Markhouse Rd., London, E.17.

Socialist Nonsense

MADAM,-

I wonder how much longer the working classes are going to tolerate this shameful propaganda of the Socialist and Communist parties, which is being preached to them all over the country.

The whole substance of such propaganda appears to be an attempt to breed disaffection and unrest throughout the country. The various sides of the country's difficulties are being distorted and misconstrued to the workers with the only one possible object of deliberately attempting to stem the steady flow back to prosperity which is cer-tainly well on the way.

What about all these people who are going about offering themselves as representatives of the working classes, with the one primary thought at the back of their minds, "How can I best gain my livelihood?" As soon as they have achieved this, they just simply say, "well—good-bye you workers."

The thing that touches me most is that as soon as the speaker at a political meeting starts to preach sound knowledge and truths he is immediately howled down by the working classes, yet when another one starts to hoodwink them and spin a good story, they start to clap him

Of the many astounding things that one hears said on Of the many astounding things that one hears said on Socialist platforms, I think perhaps the strangest is the statement (which appears quite frequently in one form or another) that "The prosperity of this country can only be recovered by adhering faithfully to the principles of Free Trade." Surely the people who make such remarks must be as deficient in humour as they are in logic. This country has been on a Free Trade diet for nearly a hundred years now, and here it is with a very agonising pain in its industrial organism.

God Save Our Gracious King, long may he reign over us! Because I can assure you that if ever we come under the ruling of a Socialist or Communist Dictatorship it will be nothing less than hell on earth, because we would immediately have to relinquish that happiness of free-dom, which we should now enjoy under His Majesty's

NATIONALIST.

Middlesbrough.

The Demon of Democracy

DEAR MADAM,

I support with all my heart your campaign. Your fearless attack. Your direct "hits." With the passing of Victoria an animal arrived calling itself democracy and crawled into being. It clamoured for Labour representation in the House of Commons. It decided to pay members a salary so that an impecunious "rag-tag and bob-tait" might have a hand at Government.

It got well into power and gave the monarch plenty to It got well into power and gave the monarch pictify to do so that the House of Commons might carry on without the monarch. The monarch has been trusting his ministers (monsters). It comes now that we are ruled by an Oligarchy of gangsters who have dug themselves in.

One is suspicious of this Oligarchy. Have we, in fact,

One is suspicious of this Oligarchy. Have we, in fact, been sold to the Jew? It seems to be clear enough that democracy, as represented by the House of Commons, has displaced His Majesty the King and got a stranglehold

over the Royal prerogative.

Millions in Great Britain will support your request that the King takes over full control. It will be a mercy if the King dissolves the House of Commons as an out of date concern and appoints a Committee of competent, strong, earnest, BRITISH men to carry out a programme which the King himself shell decide year. which the King himself shall decide upon.

Madam, heaven spare you to fight on!

PATRIOT.

Socialist Hypocrites

SIR,-After the War, having gone through the ranks to commissioned service, I had certain labour sympathies—I still have—but experience has taught me to distrust the man who declares himself a Socialist.

Political differences do not form a good reason to dis-like one's fellow-beings, and it is not because I disagree with them that I dislike them intensely, but because all through a long association with them it has been forced upon me to perceive that by their daily lives and in all their individual actions, they have given the lie direct to anything which is fine in Socialism.

These people who give themselves such airs of moral superiority appear to change their moral ideas immediately self-interests creep in, being the last to practice what they preach and to such a degree that one wonders whether any other class could be found guilty of such devilish hypocrisy.

John St. Auburn.

Wanted—A Patriotic Front

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Since the Saturday Review was reduced in price I am now able to purchase it every week.

I agree with R. W. Goodsell that a great Patriotic Movement should be formed, as it would check the

growth of this Communist menace.

I do not know if the Legion of Loyalists are still in existence, but I should certainly like to see a vast organisation of this character, a great Patriotic Front against this terrible monster, Communism, in all its vilest forms.

We have only to look at Spain for the Communist way

out of the crisis.
Wishing the Saturday Review every success in its fight against this Anti-Christian Movement.

R. E. WILLIAMS. 12, Salusbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

READERS THINK

Our Real Dictator

MADAM .-

Eden is a mere tool in the hands of Ramsay MacDonald who, owing to Baldwin's weakness, has become a virtual

dictator.

By a stroke of the pen; taking advantage of Parliament being prorogued and having no effective criticism to face from the Imperial Policies Group, he has deprived Egypt of Justice in the Courts, and placed her great irrigation system in the hands of quite incompetent native engineers. He has deprived her Army of British Officers and, finally, has promised to move our troops to the unhealthy Canal Zone, where they will be unable to deal with riots against Europeans in Cairo or Alexandria.

European nations, especially the Italians, will not submit to this—any day Mussolini may occupy Egypt. In fact, Ramsay MacDonald has made another move for the destruction of our Empire, which has been his life's

A. FRIZLIE BRUCE, M.INST.C.E., F.R.S.S.A., Capt. R.A.F., Retd. 27, Borlian Road, Ealing, W.

The Trafalgar Square Demonstration

DEAR MADAM .-

Being a very enthusiastic reader of your wonderful paper, I, a once upon a time anti-Fascist (I now regret having been so), feel that I must write to you concerning the recent huge Communist Demonstration in Trafalgar

I must say that there were thousands of Communists there, the number (15,000) had far surpassed my expectations. The Communists had on their coat lapels a red ribbon with the words "FOR PEACE." At the same ribbon with the words "FOR PEACE." At the same time a collector was going around shouting: EVERY PENNY BUYS A BULLET, AND EVERY BULLET MAY KILL A SPANISH FASCIST. I ask you, how is it that the British (or Anglo-Russian Communists) declare that they are for peace? How is it that a "peace-loving" nation would join such murderers as the Communists?

The British people don't or better won't see that the

The British people don't, or better won't, see that the Communists are getting in the public offices—I, Mr. Eden; 2, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; 3, perhaps Mr. Baldwin. There are Communist sympathisers in the Police Force, as I know from experience on Sunday last. When I read about Sir Walter Citrine's attack on Communism I am inclined to think that Sir Walter is a "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." I really cannot bring myself to believe that the leader of the T.U.C. is an anti-Communist.

I hope that you will be able to carry out a plan suggested by a reader a week or two ago, namely, by forming a LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS OR LOYALISTS.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

London, N.W.3.

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Fair Play for Catholics

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,-

Allow me to thank you for so valiantly defending the so-called "Rebels" of Spain.

As a Catholic, I always try to be charitable when I read the views of all parties; but I am particularly careful to read the views of the various political dailies when ever I can, and I am forced into thinking that the one and only reason the truth is not being told about Spain by the Labour (and to my regret) certain so-called Con-servative papers is because Spain is a Catholic country.

During the course of the Italian War with Abyssinia, it was forced upon my notice that, whereas (with one or two exceptions) all that was dreadful and slanderous was written about Italy and the Italian troops, the Abyssinians were held up to be a poor helpless lot of

Only in a few instances was mention made of the fact that slavery was still rampant in that country, and that only with the coming of Mussolini's armies would this dreadful scourge be put down. Italy is a Catholic country so, of course, to the powerful Non-Conformist Party, must be in the wrong. No voice within my memory was raised against Japan when that country went to war with China, of course neither were Catholic countries.

Two hundred thousand men of all nations are to assemble at Our Lady's shrine at Lourdes in the near future to pray for peace. May the prayers of these men be effective. Catholics have as much right to have the truth written about them as any other denomination. To quote the words from the Holy Writ: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.... but fear came upon them even where no fear was." I think that this applies equally to the politician and the rank and file.

You, Lady Houston, have striven to give us the truth, irrespective of country and creed. Keep on so doing, but be prepared to have your title changed from Lady to Blesséd Lucy Houston.

C. VINCENT NORMAN.

23. Ashford Road. South Woodford, Essex.

Christianity in Spain

SIR,—In your issue of 22nd August, p. 285, a picture is given of "Godless Spain: Communists near Madrid using a statue of Christ as a target."

May I, as an old friend of Spain, remind you that this is the statue of Christ which was erected in 1919, when King Alfonso XIII dedicated Spain to the Sacred Heart

It escaped untouched until the so-called "Government" opened the doors of the prisons, armed the criminals, named them the "Popular Front," and gave them liberty to overthrow the Christian faith and create a New Spain "Sin Dios" (without God).

The Saturday Review is doing a great service to God and man by emphasising that the battle in Spain is not between mere political parties, but between Christ and anti-Christ. Spaniards of my acquaintance are unable to comprehend why the British Government, nominally "neutral," refuses relations with the Christian Provisional Government of General Cabanellas which represented the control of the c sents all that is Spanish in Spain.

This British exclusiveness, so contrary to justice and to Peninsular War traditions, is ascribed to Mr. Eden's unwillingness to offend Moscow. I endeavour to explain to Spaniards that Mr. Eden is not "England," and that our country is not to be judged by the words and actions of our politicians, to which the answer given is, "But you elected them."

A foreign reader of the Saturday Review suggests that as Mr. Eden is causing England to be identified abroad with the Militant Godless Russia and its ally the Madrid "Government," the Christians of England should petition King Edward VIII, as official "Defender of the Faith," to exercise his prerogative and require of his Ministers that their deeds and expressions shall be consistent with the tenets of Christianity and with the ancient honour of England.

Sittingbourne, Kent.

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WHAT OUR READERS THINK

The Duchess of Atholl and Russia

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

As a commonsense, patriotic Englishwoman I was pleased to see your letter in the *Daily Telegraph* regarding the Duchess of Atholl's statement that "Nazi-ism" is a greater danger to this country than "Polekoviers".

Such a statement coming from a member of the Conservative Party—the very people we put into power to safeguard our beloved country from Bolshevism—is little short of disgraceful.

If the Duchess had been a Russian or Spanish aristocrat and seen her country ruined and brutalised, her friends and dear ones tortured and murdered by the Reds, she would not waste her time decrying a movement which has at all events saved Germany from the chaos and decadence which Socialism had brought her to and made her once again a strong, healthy nation, fit to take her place amongst the leaders of civilisation.

The Duchess and a few of our so-called Conservative leaders, such as our mutual friend Mr. Eden, would be better employed doing something to check the Red menace in this country than bothering about the spread of decent, patriotic movements in other countries.

As one who has lived amongst working class people most of her life, I know how the Red poison is spreading, especially amongst the younger generation.

HILDA MARSHALL.

19, Crondace Road, S.W.6.

What Italy Thinks of Us

-The first few days of a month's sojourn in Italy, from which I have just returned, sufficed completely to dispel any qualms I might have had on the score of the reception that would there await a British subject.

In such remote spots as the very heart of lstria, I saw still some vestiges of the propaganda of six months ago, when Italy was bitter against the nation that had assumed the leadership of the sanctions policy. But—speaking with the authority of one who is as much an Italian amongst Italians as he is British amongst Britons—the evidence is clear that from the heart of the Italian people this bitterness has entirely passed. Since the policy calculated to hamper and humiliate her has resulted only in her moral and material magnification, this Italy, daily increasing in strength, in discipline and in happiness, can afford to be tolerant. Far from harbouring rancour, her ardent wish is for a full restoration of the old bond of friendship and sympathy between Great Britain and herself.

That British prestige has suffered in Italian eyes, it That British prestige has suffered in Italian eyes, it would be idle to deny. But it has not suffered, as may be generally supposed, because of the failure of sanctions. It has suffered, and is suffering, because the man who with such jactancy demanded their imposition, asserting their effectiveness, is continued in office after having been ultimately constrained by facts casually to admit their ineffectiveness and feebly to "advise" their repeal.

Italians are asking how it can happen that a politician who mildly withdraws to-day what yesterday he asserted with a truculence that might have set the world on fire, should be permitted still to direct the foreign policy of a

should be permitted still to direct the foreign policy of a should be permitted still to direct the foreign policy of a great empire. They remember the terms of his summons to the League of Nations last October: "We must hurry; for men are being killed!" They reflect that this hurrying to which he urged the League—this rushing in where angels might have feared to tread—has resulted only in the unnecessary death of some tens of thousands who might still be alive to-day.

Thus Italian faith in British discernment is shaken by the fact that a man revealed by the events as so destitute of vision should be suffered to continue in a position to work further havoc.

work further havoc.

ANGLO-ITALIAN.

Wasted Talents

SIR,—I ask you kindly to allow me to speak about a matter which has caused me much thought for many years, and that is the enormous amount of talent which lies bottled up in the heads of individuals without being utilised for the public benefit.

one spends a lifetime reading to acquire knowledge which could be acquired in a few months if those who have it had an opportunity of giving it personally to those who would be only too ready to accept it. The late King Edward never read a book; he had neither time nor inclination; he sent for the authors, and I understand our present King does the same to a lesser degree, but few of us can do this.

A few months are I listened to a discourse on him

A few months ago I listened to a discourse on high finance by Sir Charles Morgan Webb and learnt more from him in forty minutes than I could have learnt in three years hard reading of dry technical books on the subject.

subject.

Now, in every district, there are retired Army and Navy men as well as many civilians who are experts on at least two or more subjects who, I feel sure, would be willing to speak in a public hall willingly paid for by a grateful audience of young people. Although questions could be invited, the lecture must not take the form of a debate where everybody contradicts someone else.

In my own small way I have tried this with fairly successful results: but I have had to read 1,500 books to find

cessful results; but I have had to read 1,600 books to find the information which I could have found in less than a dozen if I had only known which books to read and which to avoid. I should like to hear the views of your serious readers on the matter.

ALEXANDER M. GIFFORD.

25, Granville Park, S.E.13.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

Recent by-elections have shown, not apathy but resentment of many Conservatives against a non-Conservative policy. J. T. MUSTARD.

Highgate, N.6.

Our educational system is doing much to ruin the national character. Pupils are taught to make a virtue out of what is called "tolerance," but which is really finding every other country right and England always wrong

Nottingham. ENGLISHMAN.

DEAR MADAM .-

DEAR MADAM,—
The apple crop of England—hundreds and hundreds of tons of grand fruit—is too plentiful to be gathered.
The farmer cannot sell at a farthing a pound.
The retailer will not sell under 4d. a pound.
That makes 800 per cent. profit. Is it right?
What about the Women's Organisations?

PERPLEXED.

Murray House, S.W.1.

I protest against the latest order from that Arch-Pacifist, the Archbishop of Canterbury, that a prayer for the League of Nations should be read in the Churches.

C. OF E. SIDESMAN.

Southsea.

The Public School System and all it stood for has been superseded by an arrangement whereby every effort is made to remove all trace of everything pertaining to discipline from association with education.

OLD BOY.

London, N.W.2.

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The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

A BERFELDY Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

A LEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

A VIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore gms. to 10 gms. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

A YLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 22/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.— Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel, Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Veryd.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and Dar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. - Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 4ns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3i to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 2 gns. Golf, riding.

PRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.— Bed., 34; Rec., 5; Pens., from 44 gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

PROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel.
Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per
day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tenns,
bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON, — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 16/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf. W.E., 2 gns. fishing, rucing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 34 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles: bosting, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place, Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Break(ast), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gr Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6 Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed. 10: Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-, W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL—Sea View Bed., 9; Annexe, 5. Pens., from 3j gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon) Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/4 per day. Golf., 3 miles. Fishing, riding hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. - The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059

LY. Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 cms. W.E., ±2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating. ALMOUTH, Cornwall.— The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

CLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to W 25, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-.; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

CLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

CREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—
Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3.
Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6
day. Golf, putting green.

CULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.— from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-, Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35:- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns.; overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bost-ing, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed. 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. WE., fr. 15// per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A.. R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6, Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis. goli, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2‡ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 34 gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1. Tel.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3; to 4; gus. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms. h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakiast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4j gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Lin., 4/6.

L OSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf. fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26'-. Lun., 3'6 and 4'-.: Din., 5'6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chiche Arms Hotel. Bed., 6: Rec., 2. Pe £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing. - Chichester

N EWCASTLE - ON - TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70: Rec., 9. Pens., 24. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.— Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17: Rec., 5. Pens., 23 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON Nr. Ventnor. I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17: Rec., 4: Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf. bathing, fishing, tennis.

OKHAM. Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9: Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Be 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.J from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6 Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3‡ gns. W.E., 39/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—
Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing,

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

R IPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6, W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

R OSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 2 Rec., 5; Pens., 3† gns.; W.E., 37/ Lunch, 2,6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishin tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Hor-timer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38; Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar, ed., 56; Rec., 5; Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, wimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front.
Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 64 to 8 gns
W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis,

OUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides.—Lochbois-dale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf 5 miles, free to hotel guests; fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE - ON - TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16: kec., 1. Pens., £3 6'-. Lun., 2/-; Lin., 3/6; Sup. acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

TOCKBRIDGE, Hants. — Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and break.ast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

TRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 61 gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf. Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, minia-ture putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65: Rec., 6: Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.: winter, 4 gns. W.E., from 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls. yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3, and Bar. Pens., £4 15/6, W.E., f1 17/6, Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-,

WALTON - ON - NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK. — Lord Leycester Hotel. Bed., 55: Rec., 5. Pens., from 41 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 11 miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens. from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., from 3/6; Din., from 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS-Continued

UNLICENSED

PLACKPOOL. - Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

POURNEMOUTH. — Hotel Woodville, 14, Christohurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

RIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel, Pens., £3 10/-, Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week; fishing.

RIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRIGHTON (HOVE)—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT, Central Heating. etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

RISTOL. -- Cambridge House Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. — Pens., 4 gns. each per week—full board. Golf. boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA. — Visit the Bayshill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-; Golf. polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel. Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

RASTBOURNE. — Devonshire Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

E DINBURGH. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

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EMPIRE NEWS

Australia Toes the Mark

From an Australian Correspondent

THE British plan for an "All-Red" air route round the world is too big to admit of abandonment or even delay because of the intractability of any Dominion.

Therefore, it is gratifying that the Commonwealth Government, after much hesitation, should have accepted the proposal for a twice-weekly flying-boat service between London and Sydney.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise that this is an integral part of the British plan to "put a girdle round about the earth." Fulfilment of that

dream is now measurably closer.

It is, of course, understandable that Australia should closely watch her own interests in considering any development of the air service.

Broadly speaking, Australia's objections to the British proposal were based on :-

(1) Unwillingness to surrender her share in controlling the route; (2) Reluctance to sanction a

reduction in the mail surcharge.

From Australia's point of view, the first of these objections was natural enough. Since the tragic failure of the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's Company, Australian National Airways, the Common-wealth has striven to establish another national air service.

It has now succeeded in doing so, at some expense to the taxpayers, by subsidising and fostering the activities of Queensland and Northern Territory Air Services, which operates the Singapore-Darwin section of the England-Australia

Fear that the national character of Qantas might be swept away in the realignment is understandable, but the Commonwealth may no doubt rest assured that if this apprehension is justified in theory it will not be justified in actual fact.

After all, with the shortening of distances—the British plan, I understand, visualises a regular encirclement of the globe in a maximum of fourteen days—the importance of whether Australia or Britain is the nominal controller of a specific section of an "All-Red" world route is insignificant.

The essential thing is that the Empire should control it, that the Empire should possess the enormous strategic advantage of conducting an air service which crosses every ocean and links every continent.

One difficulty in this matter is that people in the Dominions, especially the farther Dominions, are slower to think Imperially than are the people of England.

Their necks are still a trifle stiff with Imperial pride, which some-times tends to warp their judgment when matters of Imperial concern are under consideration.

The second objection, the surcharge, is a matter of simple economics. The Commonwealth Government merely has the normal reluctance of the thrifty housekeeper to surrender a part—and a not unsubstantial part—of its income.

Here, again, the necessity for Imperial development is the answer to the cavil. It is economically, as well as strategically, imperative that the various parts of the Empire should be linked up by the most expeditious means.

Any bookkeeper could prove that the development in which Australia has at last consented to co-operate will involve an immediate burden on the taxpayers of the Commonwealth—as it will, incidentally, on the taxpayers of other Dominions and

But the Empire was not built by bookkeepers. It was built by long-sighted pioneers, men who did not hesitate to accept an immediate loss for an ultimate gain.

Australia has in the past shown a hesitant spirit in her policy towards the England-Australia air service. It is not generally known that the present surcharge would have been considerably lower if the British P.M.G. had had his way.

Perhaps the somewhat astigmatic Australian outlook in this matter has been corrected at last. Anyway, the Commonwealth Government's recent decision is a healthy sign.

A Still-Born Report

Sir Alan Pim's Recommendations

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

FOR months now the unofficial inhabitants of Kenya have been looking forward to the Pim Report on the cost of administration

Anticipation generally leads to dis-illusion, and in this case it has been

allusion, and in this case it has been particularly acute.

A glass of "Pim's Number 1" is calculated to gladden the heart of man, but this report leads to that "morning after" feeling without any of the original joys.

Nevertheless, a lot of work has gone to this painstaking work. But

gone to this painstaking work. But with typical low cunning the Colonial Office, by a recent decision, debarred the maker from scrutinising too closely the terms and conditions of the Civil Service, thereby making it impossible for his first-born to be of

From an annual expenditure of over two million pounds he has been able to prune but a paltry £48,520.

And half of that cannot be saved at once!

Having failed to cut expenditure, Sir Alan Pim suggests that Kenya should return very closely to Grant-in-Aid conditions by borrowing through the British Treasury not more than £100,000 per year for a limitless period.

Again one suspects more low cunning because if that were agreed to, then independence in any shape or form would be further off than ever.

Throughout the locust invasion, drought and world slump, Kenya has struggled, successfully, unaided and has been refused anything she has asked in the way of reduction of the very onerous loan charges.

These are to remain, and it is now suggested that she be placed once more in the Stocks for the amusement of Downing Street.

Kenya has suffered a surfeit of commissions and reports, and this last one, closely related to the Curate's Egg, has cost the country over £2,000.

Experts from England are clever to Experts from England are clever to a degree, but even though the onlooker may see more of a game as a general rule, for the real working of a country the adviser needs to spend many many moons there.

Actually Sir Alan has admitted defeat to a great extent and has merely tinkered with the superstructure instead of overhauling the whole edifice including the foundations.

foundations.

To put it bluntly the country is trying to cut a dash on a four figure expenditure with a three figure income. And this expenditure is going to rise not fall, to a great extent due to the ever increasing demand of

pensions.

Sir Alan might have produced a report that was of inestimable value to Kenya and one that could serve as model for the whole Colonial Empire.

Instead the over-dressed and top-heavy giant, Administration, remains too expensive to maintain without undue sacrifice on the part of the settlers.

With regard to taxation the Pim Report suggests that income tax be substituted for the present Education and Poll taxes.

The people of Kenya agreed to the imposition of these and other taxes as purely temporary ones. Now with staggering effrontery it is suggested that these temporary taxes become permanent in the shape of income tax. An unmitigated breach of faith in short in short.

Not a single instance, moreover, of any lightening of the very consider-able indirect taxation.

More calm still is the proposal that the official salary levy will still be collected by means of income tax.

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Even Government never pretended that this cut was anything but a temporary tax. Boiled down it comes to purely temporary taxes being turned into permanent ones without any other rebates!

The income tax proposal is, of course, a clever move because Government knows full well that the country is divided on this issue and a solid front will be more difficult to achieve

One has not forgotten, if Government has, that the Secretary of State himself said, "The people should choose their own form of taxation."

And yet people at Home wonder why the settler community is bitter. Government by agreement is all right — if one can trust one's Government!

The Largest Lobster

THEY are telling a miraculous fishing story in Canada just now, but this one happens to be true. The Blue Riband for the largest lobster caught on the East Coast of Canada this season goes to a fellow weighing 16½ lbs. Precisely what ceremony accompanied the presentation is not yet known over here, but it was part of the lobster carnival held a few days ago in which this modest crustacean was invested with an importance usually reserved for Whitstable Oysters on the 1st of

September.
The scene was Pictou, in Nova Scotia, and both fishermen and townspeople participated. There was a fishermen's parade in which the marchers also included military detachments and men from French and Canadian warships—they obviously do things in style in Canada. They witnessed also the presentation of a cup to the season's most successful fisherman, a man whose catch ran

to nearly 12,250 lbs.

The attention devoted to the lobster in Canada is deserved, for it is the basis of one of the principle industries of its kind in the world. Among the Dominion's fisheries it ranks second only to British Columbian Salmon, accounting for something like 36,000,000 lbs. a year, and reaching a market value of nearly £1,000,000. Roughly half of this output feeds 330 lobster canneries.

Scientists and the Soil

CANADA has sent over delegates to the British Commonwealth Scientific Conference now meeting in

this country.

Its aims are to eliminate as far as possible any overlapping in the work undertaken by the various agricultural research operators throughout the Empire, to settle further methods of interchange of information and generally to review the achievements of the scientific workers in field, farm and laboratory.

In this matter of research, Canada will undoubtedly have some interesting contributions to make to the discussions, for there is no country in the world more advanced in the study of soils and crops. Agriculture is

Canada's greatest industry—though it is a mistake to assume that she lives by bread alone—and she is mindful of the close bearing of research on fertility and crop qualities.

Her investigations into the ravages and the control of insect pests are particularly remarkable. Entomologists throughout the Dominion report at regular and frequent intervals on pests and plagues coming within their own observations, and from this constantly-accumulating data important facts are sifted which are made available not only to Canada but to the world. It is not too much to say that the Dominion is saving farmers millions of pounds a year in this branch of activity alone.

The Weapons of the East

Hda and Lap—Swords of Burma
By F. R. Lee, I.E.S., Retd.

WHEN the philologist finds that the words "sam," "san," "som," "hsam," "sum," "hson" ("thon") represent the numeral 3, he knows that he is dealing with the group of languages called "Mongolian," spoken from the plateau of Tibet to the Japanese islands

In similar way, when the student of weapons sees a knife or swordblade of a certain well-defined shape, he is as certain as the philologist that its origin is Mongolian.

There are exceptions in North China, Tibet and Korea, which were modified by other influences.

But there is the rule. The average curvature of the Mongolian blade rarely departs from the straight more than one and a half inches, the point is always in continuation with, not at an angle with, the edge; the blade is single-edged with a thick back.

The guard (Tsuba) of Japanese swords is either circular or elliptical and, within those limits, has provided, since the Tenth Century, a surface on which Japanese artists of various schools exercised all the marvellous skill of this much-gifted race.

But a consideration of them lies outside the scope of these articles. The main Mongolian races one has to deal with are the Burmese and the Shans (Tai), which latter both in art and language tail off into Siam.

The Burmese call a sword "hda" and the Shans "lap," prefixing the words "long" or "short" to distinguish sword from knife.

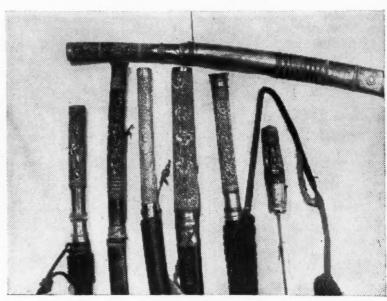
The best Japanese blades were built up by elaborate welding of layers of steel and iron doubled over and over till they numbered millions.

Not being pacifists, they preferred an exciting death in battle to a dreary demise in bed.

The Burmese-Shan sword was a much simpler affair; though the result was not very different. Swords were made chiefly in Yamethin and Shwebo, while those of Khesi Mansam and Meung Keung are justly prized.

In Yamethin they use niello to decorate the blades. I have a long sword on which is a hunting scene with archers shooting elephants, stags and boars in the midst of conventional jungle, which might have been copied from a Thirteenth Century MS. Silver, copper, lead with a small pinch of antimony and sulphur compose the niello.

The Burmese and Shans have little to learn of the art of ivory carving. The illustration shows the main types of ivory sword handles. That on the left is inspired by the ancient animism which exists side by side with Buddhism.



Burmese Ivory-Carved Sword Handles

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The "Neutral Islands" of the West Indies

By Professor A. P. Newton

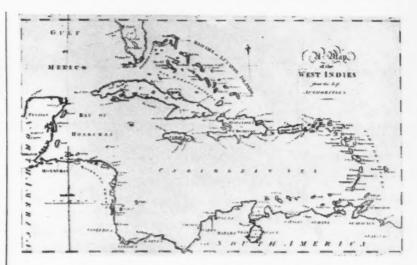
WHEN Christopher Columbus sailed out on his second voyage in 1493 to take full possession of the Islands of the Antilles that he had discovered for the Crown of Spain, he took a more southerly course than that he had steered on his first voyage a year before.

His first land-fall was on the island that he called Dominica, lying at the centre of the chain of the Lesser Antilles, and ever afterwards during the age of sail Dominica was usually the first island sighted by ships coming from Europe to the West Indies.

To get thence to the islands lying to the north ships had only to steer forward before the wind, and when a century after Columbus's time English and French sailors came first to the West Indies, they usually called the lesser islands lying to the north of Dominica the Leeward Islands, by which name they are still known.

The islands lying to the south have generally been called in contradistinction the Windward Islands, which geographically is a term more inclusive than that of the modern British colonial government of the Windward Group which only contains the three islands, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada.

The history of these southern islands of the Antilles chain has been very different from that of the Leeward Islands, and it contains some points of interest that are unique in the story of the Empire.



"Map of the West Indies from the best authorities," published in London, 1799.

Though England and France each attempted to found colonies in Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent during the seventeenth century neither of them succeeded in getting a permanent footing.

a permanent footing.

The English settlers came mainly from Barbados from which it was an easy sail to St. Lucia and St. Vincent before the wind; the French came from Martinique to Dominica and the other islands, and there were constant clashes between the adventurers of the two nations especially from 1650 onwards.

But both of them suffered worse at the hands of the native inhabitants than from their white rivals.

The Indian inhabitants of the islands were not the gentle and timid Arawaks of the Greater Antilles whom Columbus had first met.

They were a much fiercer and stronger race, the Caribs, who from their love for the eating of human

flesh have given their name "cannibales" (i.e., caribales) to those who indulge in that horrid practice.

The Caribs had proved themselves such formidable enemies to the Spaniards that they left the islands where they dwelt severely alone, and this favoured the intrusion of English and French settlements into the Leeward Islands under Charles I.

But in the Windward group the Caribs were so much stronger that they overwhelmed the first parties of Englishmen who tried to settle in St. Lucia and St. Vincent.

After the Restoration both the English under Lord Willoughby, Governor of Barbados, and the French from Martinique, tried again and again to get a firm footing, but their efforts cancelled one another out

and the Caribs opposed them both.

At length in 1686 since neither could get the better hold, a treaty of neutrality was concluded and both English and French official efforts ceased.

The "neutral islands" of Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent were left to their Carib inhabitants until about 1730, but by that time many French settlers had succeeded in establishing themselves upon the island coasts, and this gave rise to strong protests from the English Government against the breach of neutrality.

The disputes went on for many years without satisfaction to either

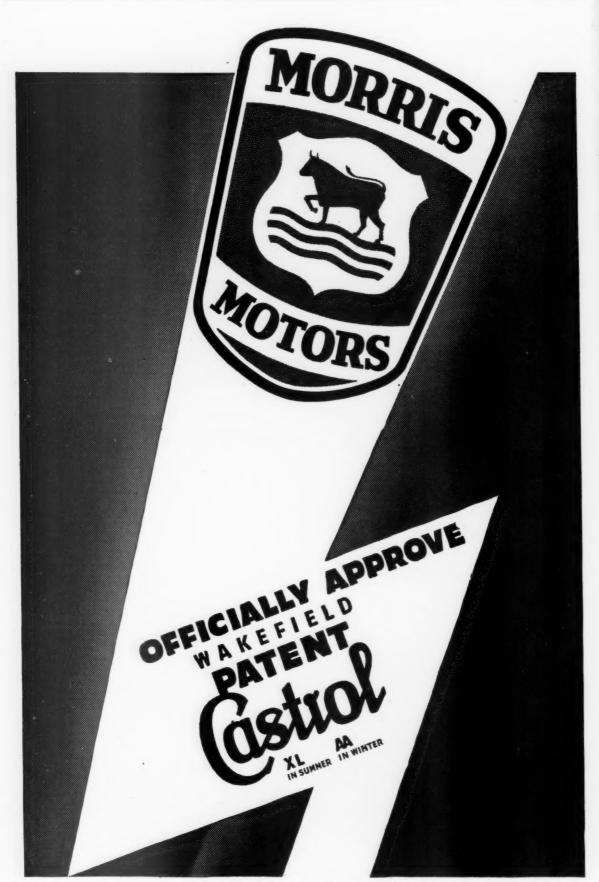
The French settlers could not be shifted even if the King of France had given them sincere orders to move.

Thus by the time of the Seven Years War the neutrality of the islands was disregarded, and Dominica at least had a considerable French population.

There are, therefore, many French names in the islands, and though after the great wars all three islands passed finally into English hands, there are still many traces of French language and influence there.



Fort Duvernette off St. Vincent. Originally Carib stronghold, preventing English settlement in Leewards; it became British by Lord Willoughby's treaty with Caribs, 1668.



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BROADCASTING

Guineas are Good for You

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SOME four years ago I made a private vow that I would no longer be surprised at anything which the British Broadcasting Corporation did. From time to time I have found it a little difficult to keep faith with myself, but on the whole I have managed to exist without raising my eyebrows to any impossible height more than three or four times a week.

Last week, however, I discovered that my eyebrows had mysteriously disappeared from my forehead and were subsequently found nestling coyly in the region of the occiput, where as a fact they served a very useful purpose.

Reward for Service

The reason for this unusual facial metathesis was an announcement in a national daily that a broadcasting act which has been delighting the public for upwards of ten years had been curtly informed that in future its broadcasting fee would be reduced by twenty-five per cent. I was not so much surprised at the action of the B.B.C. as at the fact that the secret was allowed to leak out. As a matter of fact I knew all about it some time ago but had refrained from speaking of it until such time as the B.B.C. itself made one of its pontifical pronouncements.

Let us get this thing straight. Ten years ago the B.B.C. assessed a certain broadcasting item at X guineas: it was popular with the public and well worth the money. After the people concerned have faithfully served the public for ten years at the same fee the B.B.C. peremptorily decides on a 25 per cent. cut. No reasons were given except the haggard and dew-lapped excuse that fees "come up for revision" from time to

The explanation of this odd behaviour is really quite simple. The B.B.C. must economise, and the victims must of course be the artists it employs. The ten guineas per broadcast saved by this means will go to swell the salary of the official who hoists the B.B.C. flag at the top of Broadcasting House on St. Andrew's Day or whenever it is that the broadcasting Knights

return from the holidays.

To sum up: a favourite broadcasting act will no longer be heard, licence-holders will be disappointed, the act in question will suffer a certain inconsiderable financial loss and the B.B.C. will save a few paltry guineas.

A rich sense of colour and a competent handling of the brush is strikingly evident in the new collection of pictures by Edward Wolfe, the London painter. After two years in Mexico, a land where riotous colours and quaint costumes prevail, he has returned with a most exhilarating collection comprising colourful landscapes and genre pictures. They are on exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's, London, for a few weeks. Private view Wednesday, September 80.

CINEMA

Piccadilly Jim

BY MARK FORREST

WHEN his publishers announce that Mr. Wodehouse has completed a new novel an anticipatory chuckle spreads across this country and, when the book finally appears, everyone is generally satisfied that his particular vein of humour is still yielding the requisite amount of pennyweights of gold in proportion to the number of pages mined. This mine of Mr. Wodehouse contains, I think, very fine gold, and it is for that reason that any attempt to film the results of his boring is likely to prove unsatisfactory.

Hollywood has tried its hand at it in *Piccadilly Jim*, the new picture at the Empire; and by the time they have finished with the story there is very little of the original left. There are moments when the sympathy is complete, as when Piccadilly Jim appears in the Row in evening dress cantering on a cart-horse in pursuit of the fair lady who has captured his affections the previous evening; unfortunately, though the cart-horse itself disappears from view, the action of this picture remains, metaphorically speaking, still mounted upon it, and cinema audiences, their ears and eyes attuned to the slick, quick-firing American methods, will find a good deal of this picture as lumbering.

Complications

Piccadilly Jim is a well-known caricaturist who keeps his father, an actor who has been so long out of work that he has even managed to forget some of his former lines. The father falls in love with the face and fortune of one of the Petts who have made their money by converting old rags into new suits. The son puts this family on a strip cartoon which proves to be so popular a feature that it is syndicated throughout the world with disastrous results for the Pett family. Unfortunately, unknown to him, his fair lady is also a member of the same family. The complications from this beginning should be funny enough, but false beards and many, too many very ordinary remarks from a butler, who is only a distant cousin to Jeeves, are not sufficient to cause much real laughter.

The cast is a good one with three first-class light comedians in the chief parts. As the young and tireless drinker, Piccadilly Jim, Robert Montgomery acts with all his usual charm and keeps the fun going as much as he can. As the old and tireless drinker, his father, Frank Morgan, is not so successful in a mediocre part. The butler has altogether too much to say and, though Eric Blore has by now played so many butlers in the same key that the rôle must be second nature to him, he must be given lines with real point in them to succeed. The girl, as drawn, is well within the scope of Madge Evans.

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A Great Chance of Stability

By Our City Editor

T has come to pass. The fall of the franc was always bound to bring a great opportunity of franc-sterling-dollar agreement and this opportunity has, in the first place been taken by the three Governments concerned. In these days of conferences and palavers and, on the British side at any rate, absence of achievement, the reaching of agreement which has in it the power to prove a lasting contribution to the cause of world peace is an almost miraculous event. The way is open for the three powers, Britain, France and America, to show that this is no mere empty talk but a serious attempt to put into practice the measures necessary for the revival of world trade and international commerce which alone can provide more profitable employment for the nations than an armaments race.

But so far only the beginning has been seen and no chance must be missed of building upon what can be made into a solid foundation for the restoration of stability. It has long been insisted in these columns that the inevitable devaluation of the franc would pave the way for stabilisation with sterling and the dollar, and Britain and America have so far done their best by showing without delay that the position is realised to the full. France, however, has yet to show that mere expediency is not the prime motive in her entering into the agreement and this she can only do by putting her own financial house in order, balancing her Budget, resisting extravagant claims by the " workers" and generally proving that the forces of law and order are fully in control of the situation and not led by the forces of Bolshevism which seem to have the knack of emerging foremost on the " Popular Front."

The Pound, The Franc and The Dollar

It is inevitable that any move for stabilisation must lead to a certain amount of jockeying for position and in this it is to be hoped that Britain will not allow the interests of the Empire's export trade to be forgotten for one moment for undervaluation is as harmful to stability as overvaluation of a currency and if the franc, or more important still, the dollar, should be undervalued permanently not only will British exports suffer but the international disequilibrium will in the long run be intensified. An undervalued dollar would lead to a further piling up by the United States of foreign balances which could only be liquidated by a huge inflation boom in the States, to be followed by a depression many times worse than that from which the world is now struggling to emerge.

It is difficult, in view of the unsound position into which American finances have been plunged by the "New Deal" measures to determine the accurate sterling-dollar relationship but it is inconceivable that the £ can be worth any more than the former rate of \$4.86.67 and it is to be hoped that the British Treasury will make this view clear at an

early stage. A franc rate of around 100 francs to the £, on the other hand, would appear to be roughly justified by past events provided no violent disturbance is caused by new internal measures in France. The departure of Holland and Switzerland from gold means that the world has closed a chapter of its currency history and is about to enter upon a new one in which the lessons of the past should play a prominent part.

Russia's Contribution

With Exchange dealings suspended in London on Saturday last, the U.S.S.R. found the moment a suitable one to make a "normal" sale of £1,000,000 of sterling on the American market. This sterling was taken up by the American Exchange Equalisation fund and the U.S.S.R. was accused by the Secretary of the U.S. Treasury of an attempt to drive down sterling. It is to be expected that his excusable outburst of indignation should present the Soviet with the chance to explain the transaction in the usual honeyed words, but the fact remains that at such a time the Russian authorities, from whatever cause, preferred to risk embarrassment of an already harassed foreign exchange market and to chance causing a serious attack on sterling, rather than to face the possibility of a small loss in co-operating with the Bank of England in placing her sterling. The event is especially significant in view of the British Government's decision recently to grant to the U.S.R. a £10,000,000 export credit at 5½ per cent. Presumably the the sums so acquired by the Soviet may also be used to embarrass our Exchange position at a suitable moment.

Gold and Gold Mines

The immediate effect of franc devaluation was to bring about a rise of nearly 3s. in the price of gold (and a temptation to the writer to add "I told you so.") Gold Mines have responded only to a comparatively modest extent, however, and such shares as East Rand Props., Randfontein, and, of the lower-priced shares, Sinnmer and Jack appear to be well worth attention for higher prices. The Finance issues, of which Anglo-American are about the cheapest, will also have their turn later on. The price of gold in London is dependent upon supply and demand but the dollar exchange acts as a sheet anchor and, as this is more likely to move against sterling than for it, a gold price of over 140s. when permanency is achieved seems to be assured. It is true that the rise in gold mining shares in the past has assumed this to be the case but there have been so many uncertainties that the full rise in price of the shares has probably yet

Other Beneficiaries

Other beneficiaries of devaluation which occur to one are Unilever, which have promptly responded in price, and the Dutch Rubber companies. These also have experienced a good rise. But a share which has not responded is that of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust to which guilder exchange losses last year made a difference of £55,000 on the tea side of the Trust's business alone.

E.M.I. Results

Electric and Musical Industries, the merger company of H.M.V. and Columbia Gramophone, are paying a dividend of 10 per cent. for the past year omitting the bonus of 2½ per cent. which accompanied the previous year's payment. Profits at £266,789 would seem to reflect intensified competition, for the previous year's revenue was £451,000 before tax provision. The shares at 22s. however, still give a yield of nearly 5 per cent.

Continued from page ii of Cover

You can see the Ogpu agents at work only by inference from facts and episodes which have come to light from

Six years ago there lived in Hull a Russian political émigré named Alexander Semushin. He had been in Hull for ten years and carried on a business as a photographer in partnership with an Englishman.

He was an Archangel man, and often used to visit Soviet vessels in the docks. Many of the crews of these vessels came from Archangel. Some of them Semushin knew from the days before the revolution.

He used to get news from them of his family which was

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eflect enue 22s. on August 15, 1930, he walked out from his lodgings in Hull to go to his business. From that moment he was never seen again. There was a police search and rivers and docks were dragged, but without avail.

A long report on Semushin and on the circumstances

of his disappearance was prepared and submitted to the Home Secretary It was drawn up by Mr. A. V. Biakaloff, one of the leaders of the Russian refugee colony in London. It completely discounted any theory of suicide by Semushin and stated many facts about the man to show that this can be ruled out of the question.

It then brought forward evidence for the view that It then brought forward evidence for the view that Semushin was kidnapped on board one of these Soviet vessels in Hull docks while on one of his usual visits, and carried off to Russia to face imprisonment or execution for "suspected" anti-Bolshevist connections. An investigation was demanded into this view of Semushin's disappearance, but, of course, the Home Secretary could do nothing

Secretary could do nothing.

The Secret

And here is another case:

And here is another case:

Two years ago Ozersky, the recently "recalled " trade delegate, had a very brilliant young assistant here in London who was well known in City trading circles.

Suddenly he disappeared. He did not leave by any of the usual routes by train or air, and his business colleagues were not told that he had been "recalled." But news came a few weeks ago that he had been shot, in Moscow, nearly eighteen months ago. How did he get to Russia? That remains an Ogpu secret.

Last year Professor Peter Kapitza, a young Russian who is among the first four greatest physicists in the world, was at work in Cambridge. He had come here

world, was at work in Cambridge. He had come here ten years ago as a penniless student without even sufficient money to take a degree.

But Professor Lord Rutherford, the great British scientist, recognised his genius and took him under his wing. Last year a special laboratory was built at Cambridge for this young man to operate in. It was opened by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It housed a giant generator which Kapitza had designed, a machine capable of exerting a more terrific magnetic force than any other in the world. It was for use in the final stages of Kapitza's research work on the structure of the atom. The British Government paid for that machine. Altogether, the laboratory and apparatus cost us nearly gether, the laboratory and apparatus cost us nearly

One day, when he was about to start on the final stage of research for which the machine had been designed, he received a caller at his Cambridge home. The caller

came from the Soviet Embassy.

He brought an invitation to Kapitza to give a lecture. He went, leaving his wife and children here. When the conference was over and he was preparing to come back to work at Cambridge, he was informed through the Ogpu that he must never leave Russia again.

All protests were useless. For some time Kapitza was ill and unable to do any work at all. The whole learned world outside of Russia rose in protest at this ruthless

interruption of the work of a great brain.

The Royal Society, headed by Lord Rutherford, and Cambridge University pleaded with the Soviet Govern-

ment to at least allow Kapitza to complete the work with the apparatus bought for him.

"Let him do it here," was the reply. When it was pointed out that the machine used was unique in the world, and that it would be almost impossible to build another in Russia, the Soviet made a typical rejoinder.

"If you are so concerned," they said in effect, "sell us the machine."

And for this young scientist's sake, and for all science, that was done. Another insight into Ogpu methods is provided by the following instance. We have the name of the man concerned, but suppress it for obvious reasons. Four years ago he was the head of a Soviet trading

department in London. He decided to sever all relations

with the Soviet State.

This man's wife, who is also a Russian and who had a secretarial post in one of the offices, was to stay on for a month. A week after her husband's departure she was leaving the office about six p.m. when her chief stopped her.

her.

He told her that there was a "little party" that night on board one of the Soviet vessels in London river. It was for "only a few" of the selected Soviet employees in London and their children. But when she got back to her North London flat to prepare herself and the children for the party she found a woman friend awaiting her. They stayed talking for hours, until suddenly she noticed the clock. She had forgotten the party on the ship and

The next morning in the office she said to another woman secretary: "Well, how did the party go last night?"

The woman stared in amazement, "What party?" she said.

Never Returned

That was enough. Instantly she guessed what that invitation had meant. A few quiet and quick enquiries confirmed her suspicions and fear. The Soviet vessel had sailed on the night tide at 10 p.m.—two hours after the "party" was supposed to begin. The idea, of course, was to get her and the children back to Russia. Once held there the Ogpu screw could

be put upon the husband who had left the cause.

The Ogpu has a very long arm, that reaches far beyond Lubyanka Street, far past those grim frontier stations beyond which for so many there is no return to the outer world — to the heart of every capital and country where there are citizens of Soviet Russia.

There is one method whereby the power of the Ogpu can be curbed—in this country anyway.

The weapon held over the heads of all Soviet employees in this country is what is called the "conditional agreement." They are "permitted" to remain here only while employed by a Soviet organisation.

Now see how the Soviet exploits that aliens law with its employees. Here is a statement issued by the Soviet Vice-Consul in London: "It is the right of the Consul of the Consul of the Soviet Republic to order officials . . . to proceed home when his government considers their presence here is no longer needed . . .

Sinister Threat

"Those who refuse to comply with the Consul's orders know perfectly well that in accordance with the decree of November 21, 1929, they will be subject to the severe penalty prescribed therein. . The penalties prescribed are well known, and those concerned well know the penalties involved by disobedience."

We have put that last paragraph in italics because we cannot remember ever having seen an official statement which conveyed a sinister threat in a more cold-blooded and truculent manner.

and truculent manner.

But in what consists the Soviet's "right" to order home some wretched official? It rests on the British alien law, and he cannot carry out his order without the

assistance of the authorities.

There is no obligation in law for the Home Secretary

to "deport" Soviet employees at the Consul's request.

Every Russian employee of the Soviet in this country
who may be "ordered" home should know that the Consul's powers over him are not worth the paper they are written on.

If he has any doubts about the meaning behind his "recall to Moscow," he can appeal to the Home Secretary for that sanctuary which Britain has always accorded to the fugitive and oppressed, of whatever nation. And, he is a recent citizen, and not a criminal, he will get it.

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Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

INCREDIBLE GENEVA

The new farce played before the world at Geneva is rich even for the League of Nations. But the proceedings convey still another warning that this inept Assembly, with its incredible genius for doing the wrong thing, is a menace to peace.

At the outset of the present meeting, the problem arose of how to kill the dead. The delegates of Abyssinia presented themselves in reproachful array and were soon joined by their throneless Emperor.

The immediate duty of the League, however embarrassing, was to inform the Ethiopian delegates that being without a country they were also without status at Geneva.

But, as usual, the Assembly has handled its job in the most tortuous and damaging way conceivable.

By referring Abyssinia's claim to sit at Geneva to the World Court at the Hague, more gratuitous offence has been caused to Italy, as is shown in the message from our Rome Correspondent which appears this morning. The Hague Court may take weeks to settle a controversy as futile as how many angels can sit on a needle's point.

What is to happen before these blind Genevans admit the conquest of Abyssinia? What must Italy do to convince these amazing muddlers, with whom, as ever, we see Mr. Eden enthusiastically consorting?

Only one thing can be prophesied of the League sentimentalists and pacifists—that their every move leads to friction and fresh alarms.